

ONVIEW BOOKS
&
SEX AND DEATH MOTION PICTURES
PRESENTS

DARK MATTER

**THE GRAPHIC NOVEL OF
THE FEATURE FILM**

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DARK MATTER

Starring: Dominic O'Flynn, Gina Purcell,
Jamie-Jodie Shanks, Mel Mills, Sharon Lawrence.

Watch the movie here...
www.darkmatter.org.uk

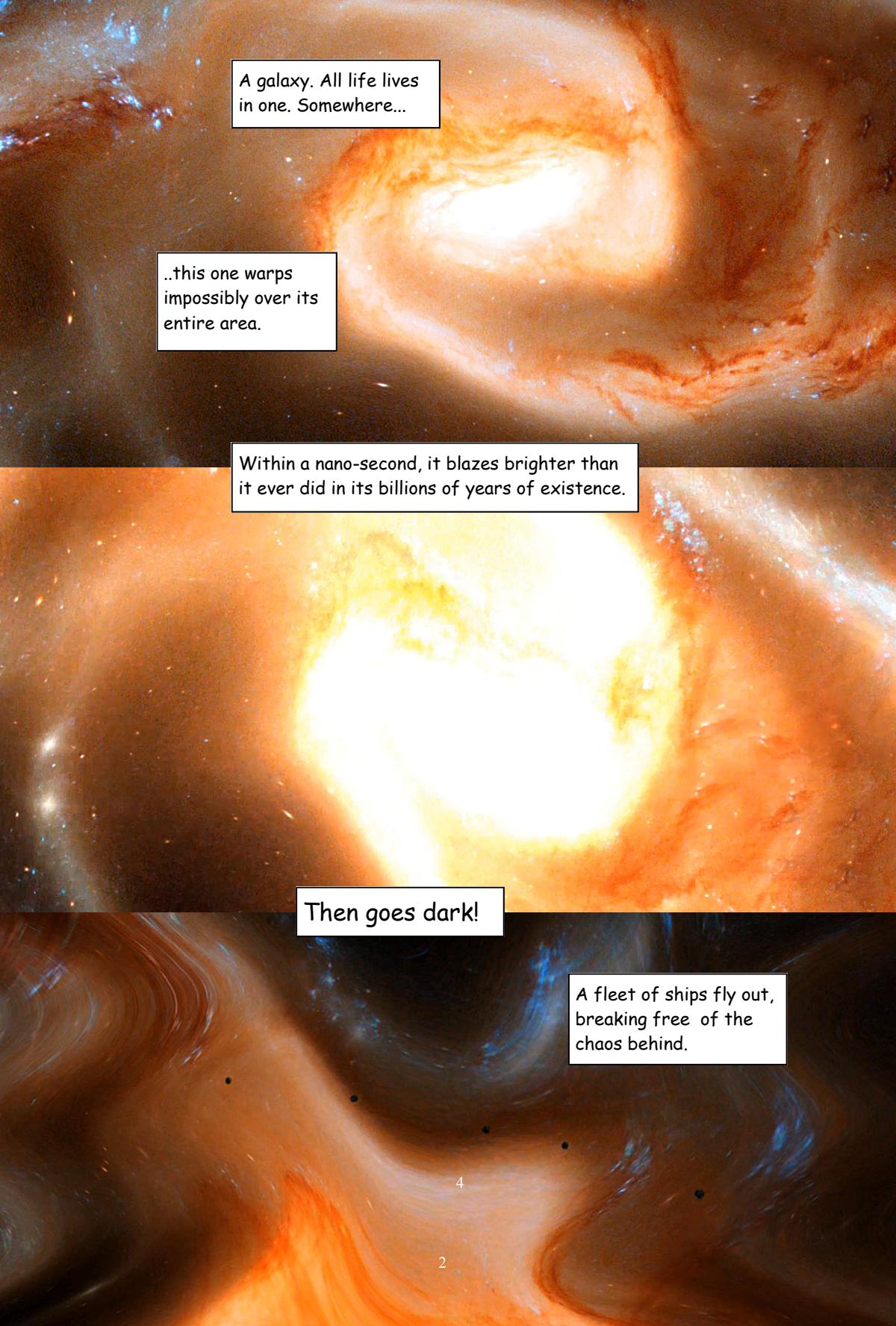
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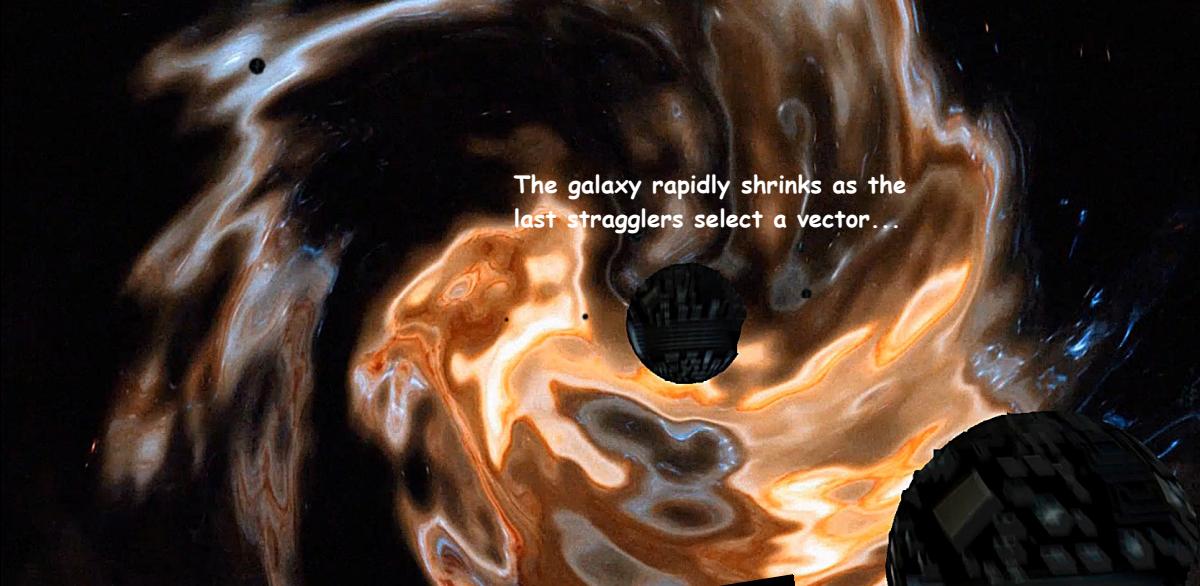
A galaxy. All life lives
in one. Somewhere...

..this one warps
impossibly over its
entire area.

Within a nano-second, it blazes brighter than
it ever did in its billions of years of existence.

Then goes dark!

A fleet of ships fly out,
breaking free of the
chaos behind.



The galaxy rapidly shrinks as the last stragglers select a vector...

...towards a nearby galaxy!



One of them carries a special cargo.
And it must deliver it on the third
planet of a distant star.



His grief... his loss—
it drives him into dark despair.
The flesh on the screen, the
playing out of basic human
need, the animal simplicity: a
way out of the pain!

The alien ship has finally arrived.
It takes up orbit around planet earth and
releases it's cargo with a bright flash.



It plunges down through
the thick atmosphere...



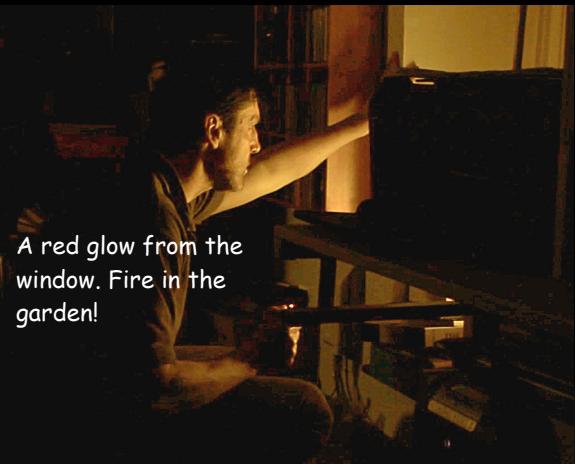
Doctor Reynolds, is excited & drunk.
He rushes towards orgasm and
momentary release from his
anguish.

WHUMPII

The room suddenly lights up,
bright as day, as the cargo
smashes into the earth,
startling the doctor...

“Fuck!”

...and knocking out the power supply.



A red glow from the
window. Fire in the
garden!



He tries to douse it.

But it flares up...

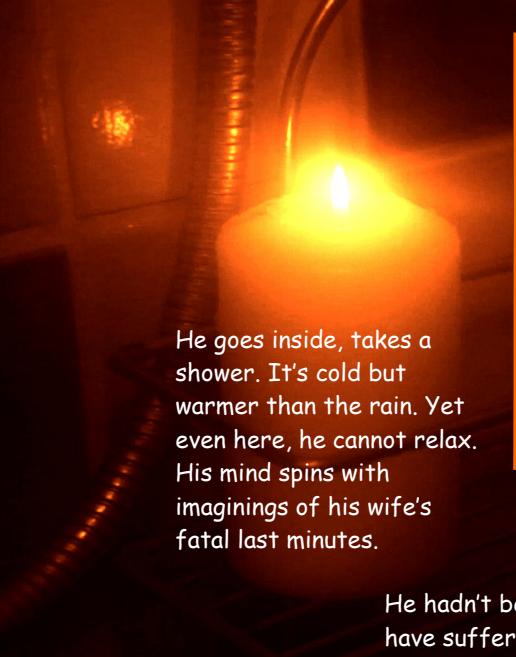
...pushing him away
with blazing heat!



b-o-o-m!



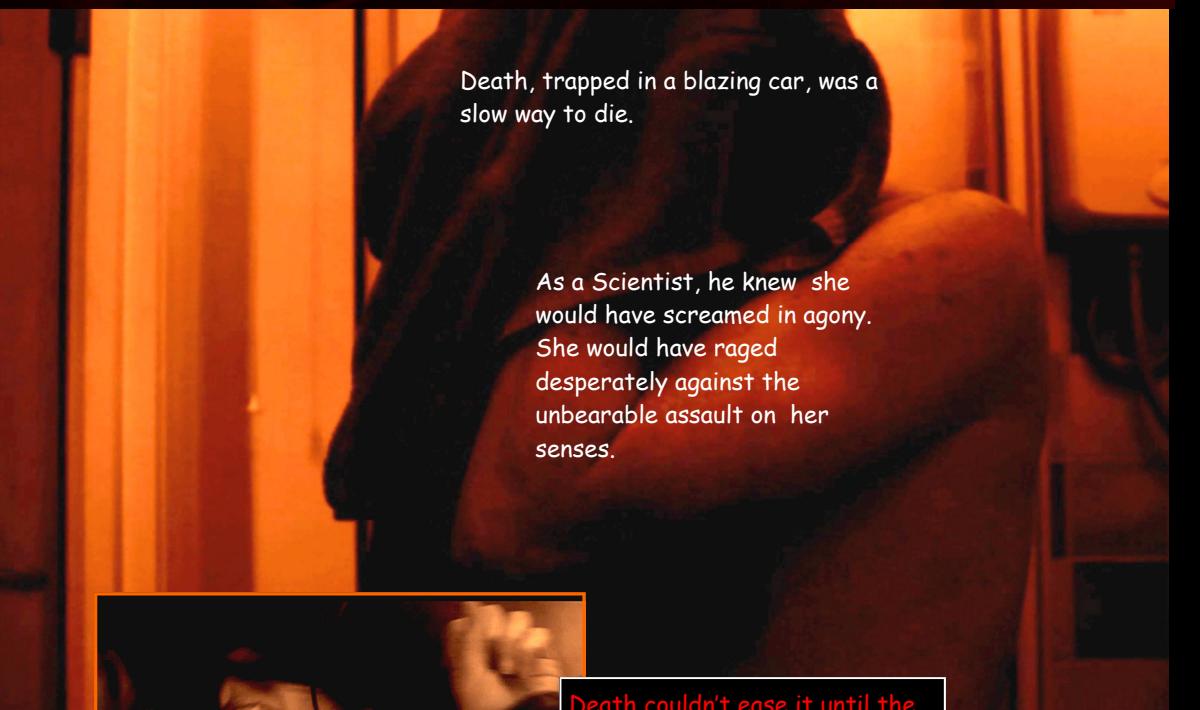
Thunder! Lightening! The
skies open in a cloud burst,
drenching him with rain!



He goes inside, takes a shower. It's cold but warmer than the rain. Yet even here, he cannot relax. His mind spins with imaginings of his wife's fatal last minutes.



He hadn't been there. But he knew she must have suffered horribly,

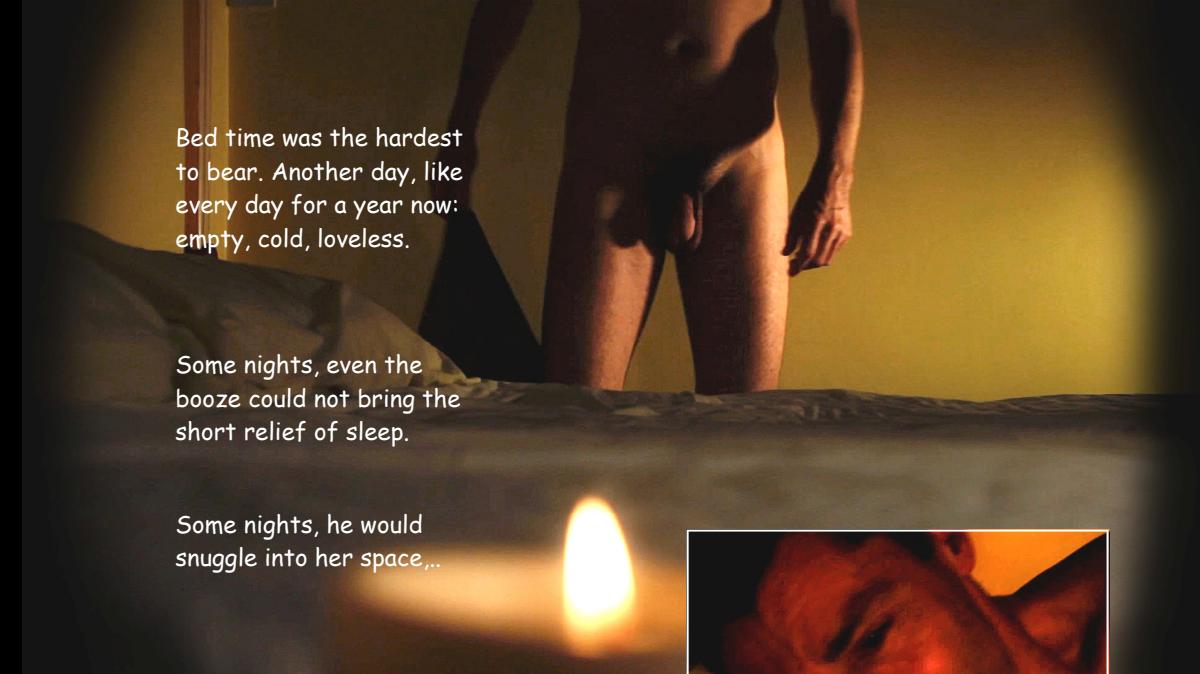


Death, trapped in a blazing car, was a slow way to die.

As a Scientist, he knew she would have screamed in agony. She would have raged desperately against the unbearable assault on her senses.



Death couldn't ease it until the blood boiled and exploded in the lungs, the heart, the brain...



Bed time was the hardest to bear. Another day, like every day for a year now: empty, cold, loveless.

Some nights, even the booze could not bring the short relief of sleep.

Some nights, he would snuggle into her space,..

...and try to imagine she was still there beside him....



Christine
I year my love!
An eternity without you.
X



SOB...

SOB...

SOB...

Another morning.
Another hangover!

Last nights events are dim...

...but...

...returning!

Did he dream it?

It seems real,

Flames...?

A fire... in the
Garden?



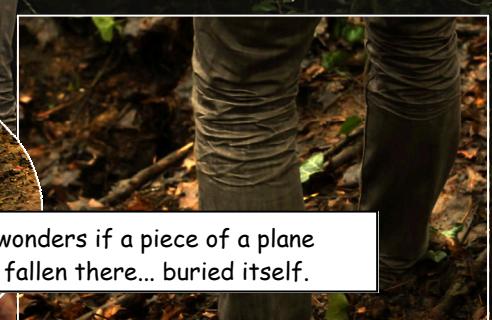
A small crater!

For the first time in
a very long time,
something stirred in
him...

...curiosity!



He wonders if a piece of a plane
had fallen there... buried itself.



He pushed his hand
into the earth.

Yes.



Something there..



... something warm.



Thump!

He'll find out what this thing is.
But first, maybe a quick tot of
whiskey...



...maybe...



RING...RING.

He ignores the phone, but it cuts off anyway. Probably just another marketing call, he thinks—no-one rings him these days.

He puts the chisel to the rock...





RING! RING!

...and lifts the hammer high,
aiming to split the rock with one
hefty blow.

The cell phone!



"Val? Tonight? Are you
sure? Not very exciting for
you on a Friday night."



"Ok. It might have to be
a take-away though."

"Val. Er... Can you find
out if there were any
reports of a meteorite
shower last night?"



"Ok. Great. See you
at six, then."



He puts the phone away
and returns to the rock.

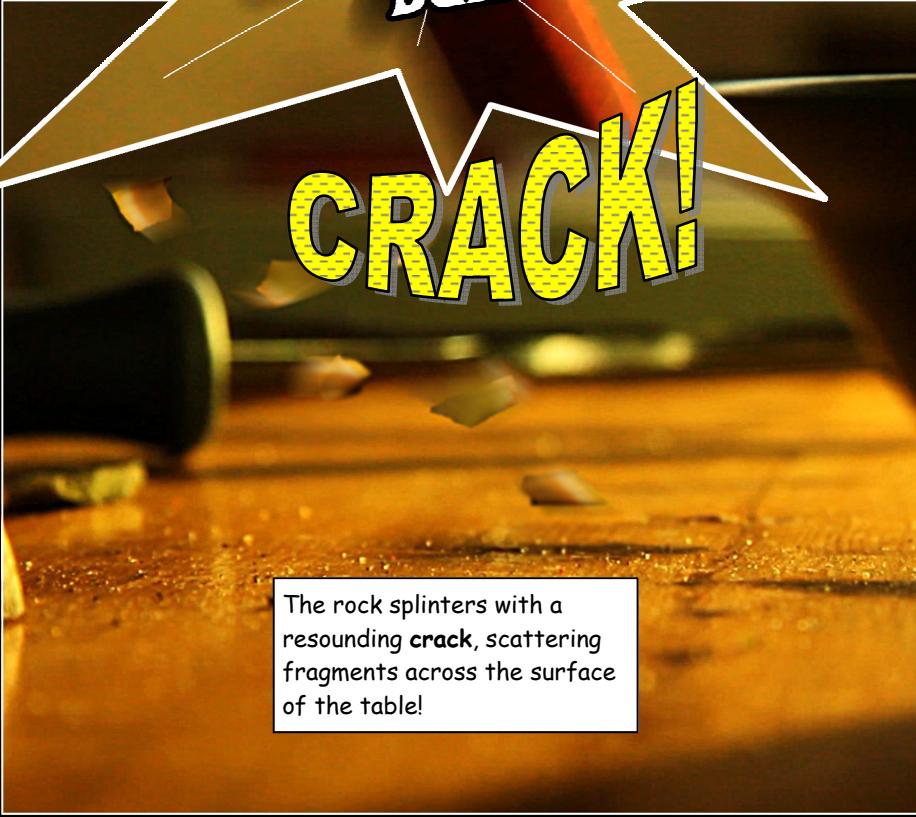


And lifts the
hammer.



Bang!

CRACK!



The rock splinters with a
resounding crack, scattering
fragments across the surface
of the table!

BATHROOM

*The rock is discarded
into a dish of
decorative shells.
Seemingly—a dull thing.*

Clunk!



Dr. Reynolds catches his reflection in the mirror. She'll be here soon. Does it matter, he thinks?



He reaches for the razor.

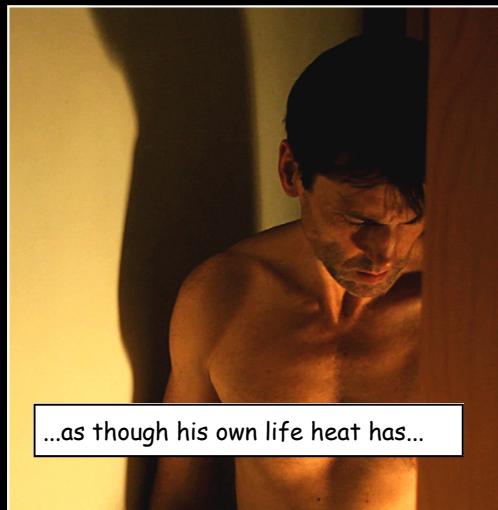
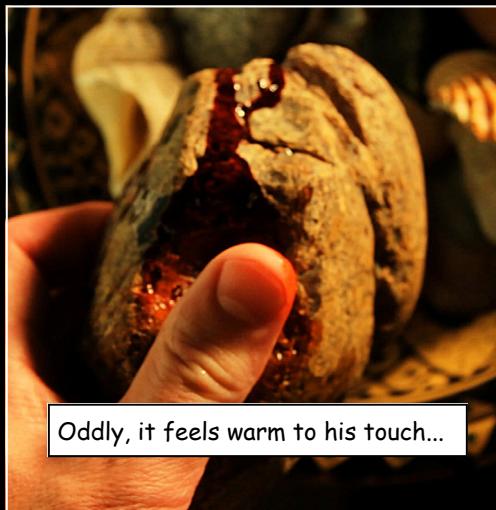


But his thumb brushes against
the blades...



He stares at it.







"Good to see you're working again."





UPSTAIRS.
BATHROOM

SSSSZZZZZZZZZZZZ!



*ommmmmmmmmMMMMMM!
Another rumble!
A dark blurred shadow
sweeps through the room
and is gone.*

They don't notice.

"Nah!"

Ssssh-chink-zzlnnk-chink!





"Huh! Teenagers. We were so full of hope, but I think of them as good days."



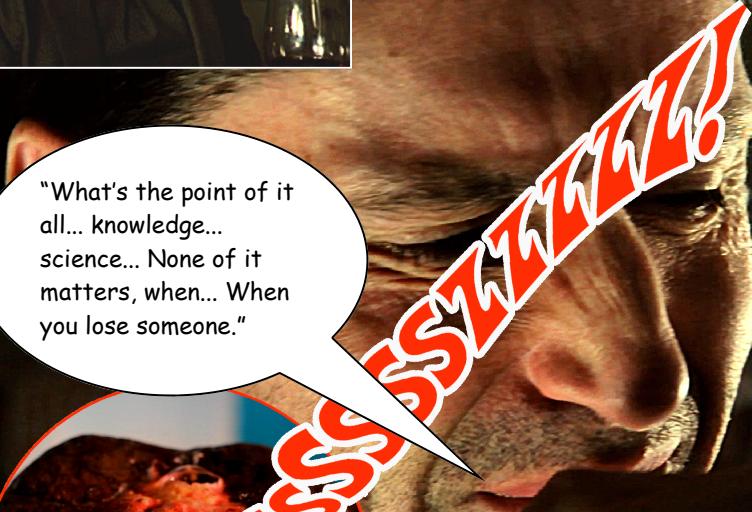
"I hardly remember the old days."



"Did Christine know?"



"I never told anyone.."



"What's the point of it all... knowledge... science... None of it matters, when... When you lose someone."



The doctor chokes back tears.









If my Frank didn't need feeding, I'd stay and challenge you to a game of scrabble."



"Thanks Val. You're a real friend."



"If it's all right with you, I'd like to pop in more often."

"Yes. Of course."



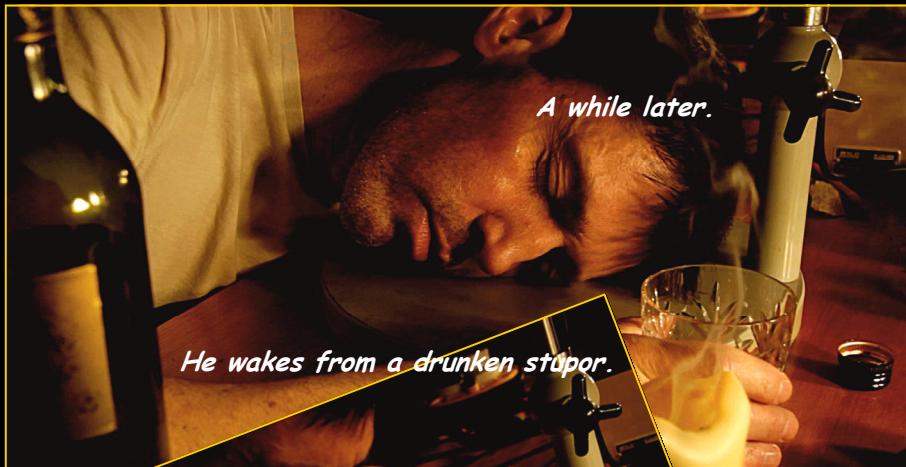
"James?"

"Yes?"



"Never mind.
Take care."

She turns and leaves.



He wakes from a drunken stupor.



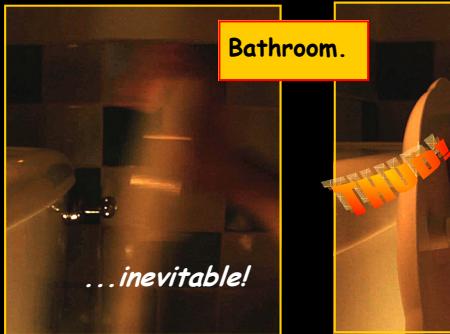
Staggers to his feet...



...nearly falls.



*And stumbles out
through the door,
fighting to hold
back the...*

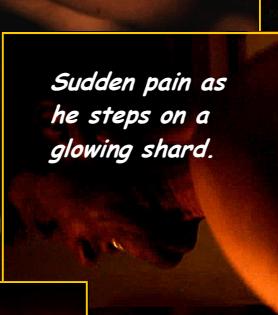


m-Urgghhhhh!



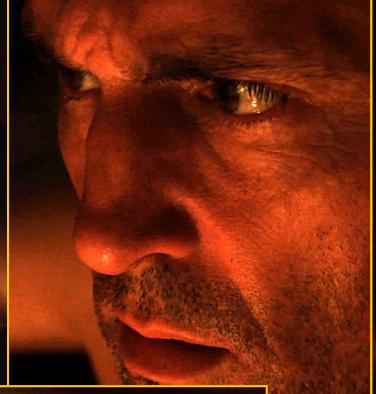
CLANK!

He's too lost to notice its increasing activity...



whump!





It pulses. A red glow brightens and fades.

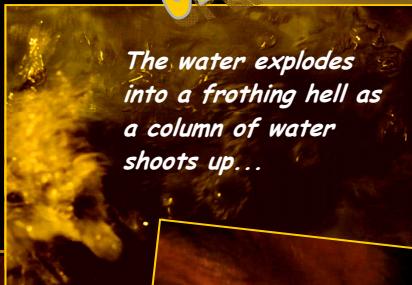


He snatches a towel, wets it...



...then grabs the rock and tosses it into the water.

SPLASH!!



The water explodes into a frothing hell as a column of water shoots up...

**W
h
o
o
o
o
o
s
h
!**



...and hits in him the face.

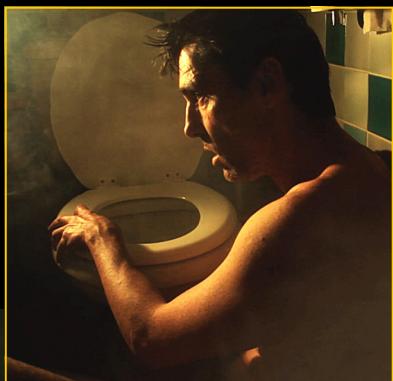


He's thrown back hard against the wall.



The one good thing about being knocked out is the chance to dream... to return to days where there was no pain—just love and joy.

But reality always returns!



Or does it?



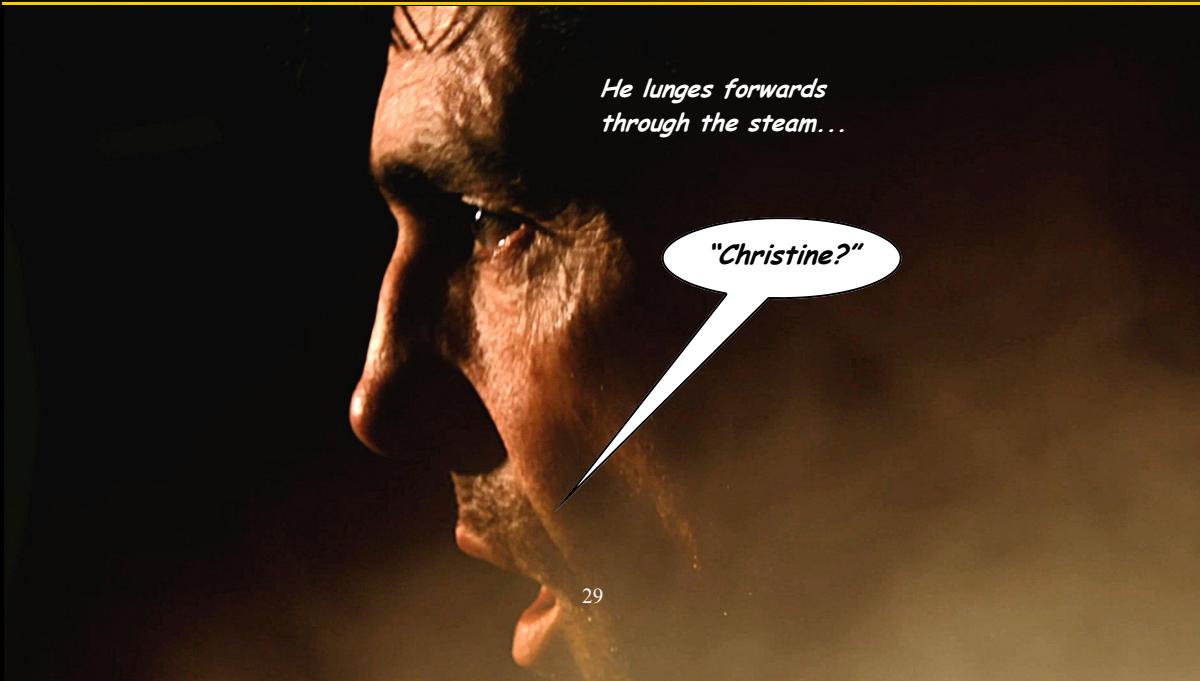
A hand...

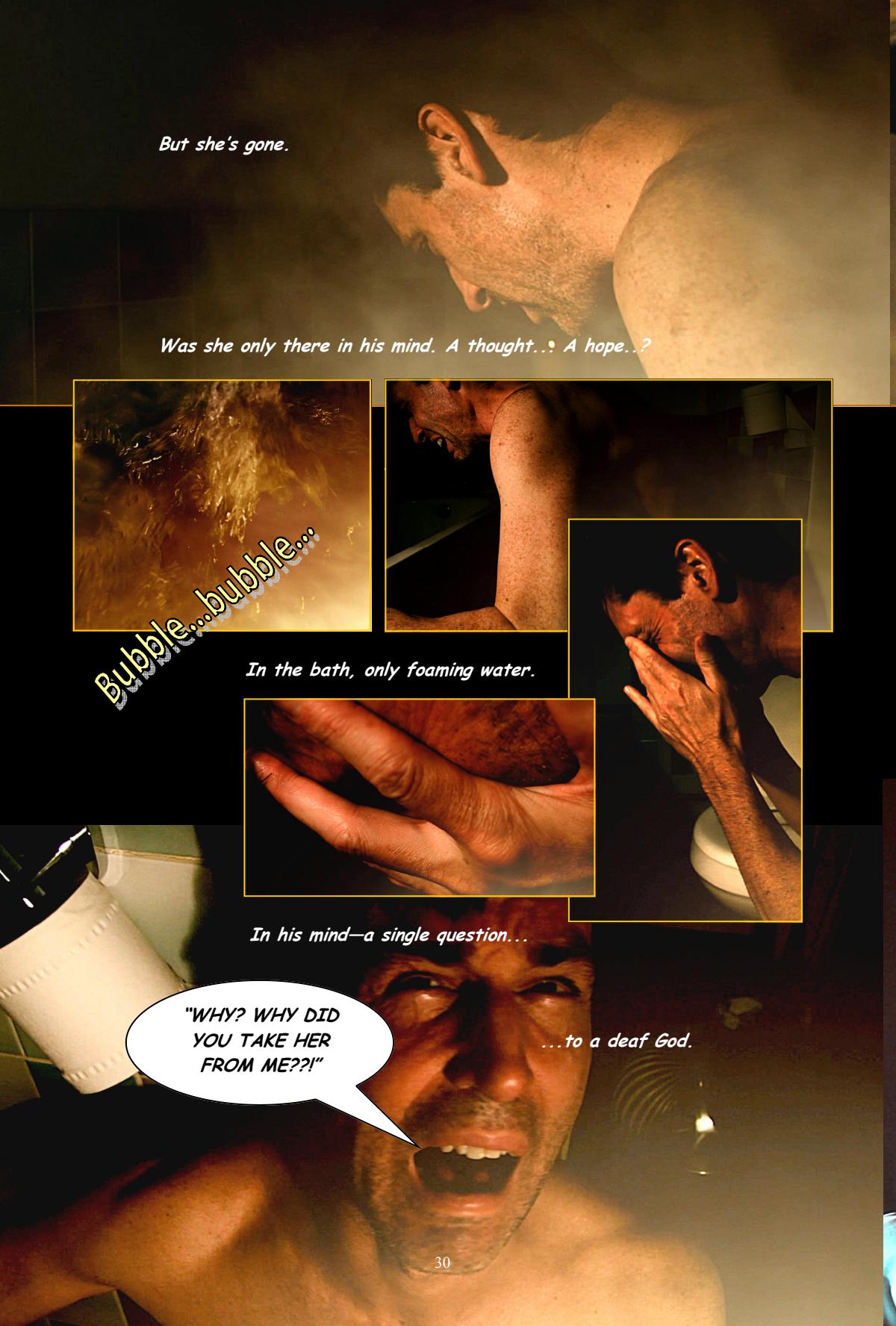


...crawls along the edge of the bath!



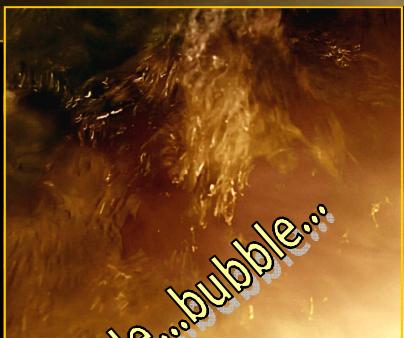
He's transfixed! Something is lifting itself from the water.





But she's gone.

Was she only there in his mind. A thought...? A hope..?



In his mind—a single question...

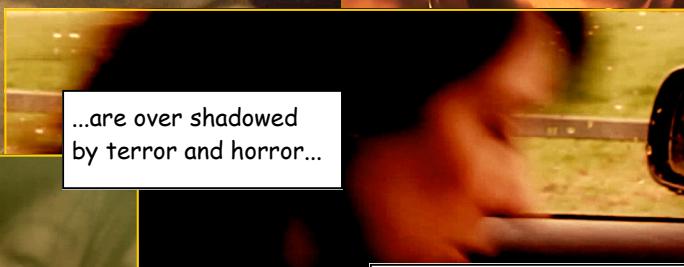
"WHY? WHY DID
YOU TAKE HER
FROM ME?!"



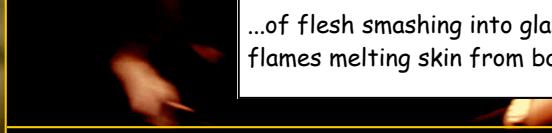
In bed again. The cold lonely place.



Even here the happy memories...



...are over shadowed by terror and horror...



...of flesh smashing into glass, and flames melting skin from bone!



Night passes: a cloak drawn over misery so terrible...

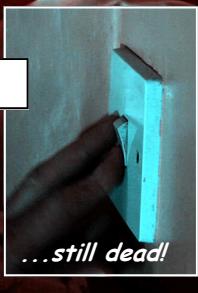
...that even the morning sun can't cleanse it.



Noise outside wakes him.



He checks for power...



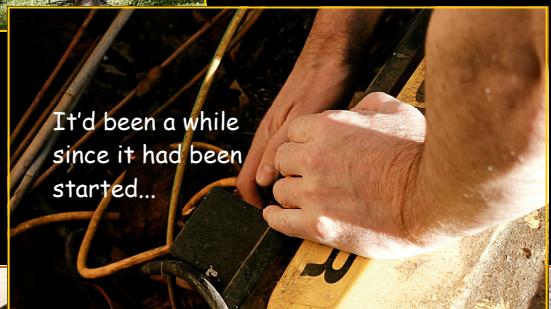
...still dead!

Along the road outside, men wrestle with machines and cable.



The doctor realises it's going to take time to restore power,

He'd bought the generator way back when Christine was still alive.

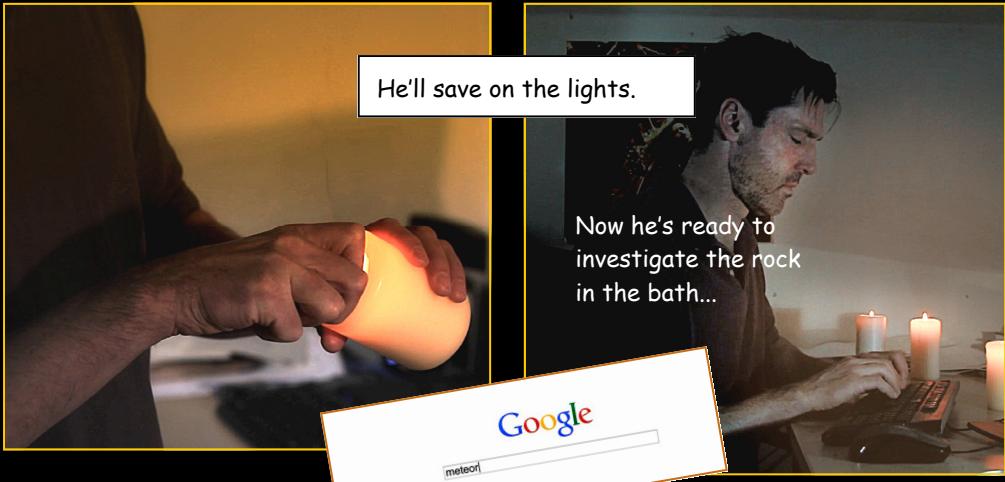


It'd been a while since it had been started...

...but it fires up straight away.



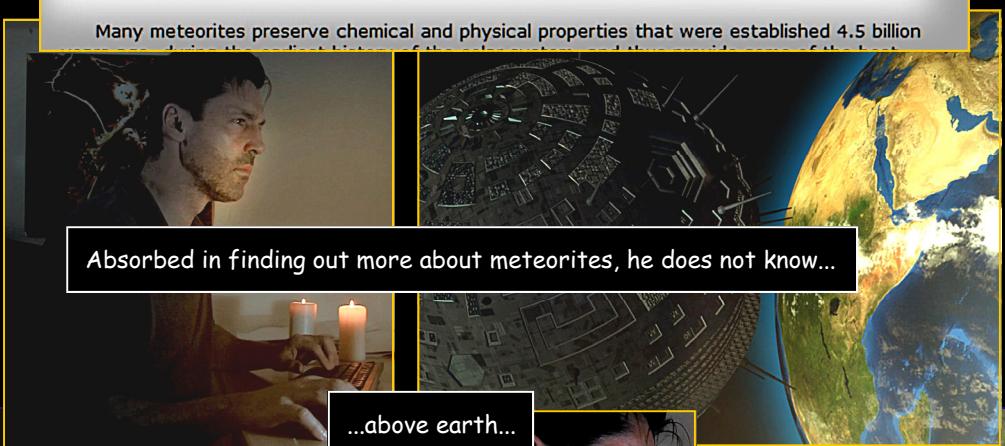
The output is small, just enough to run a few appliances.



even if they have not been seen to fall (see **TESTING FOR SUSPECTED METEORITES**).

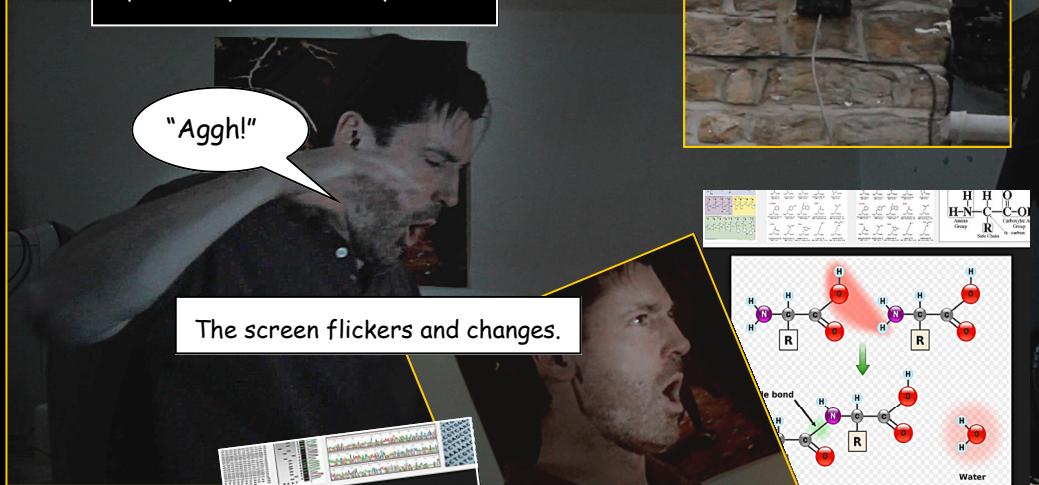
Most meteorites come from asteroids, a rare few come from larger bodies such as the Moon and Mars, and many of the smallest meteorites, "micrometeorites", are dust from comets.

Many meteorites preserve chemical and physical properties that were established 4.5 billion years ago during the earliest history of the solar system and the formation of the Earth.

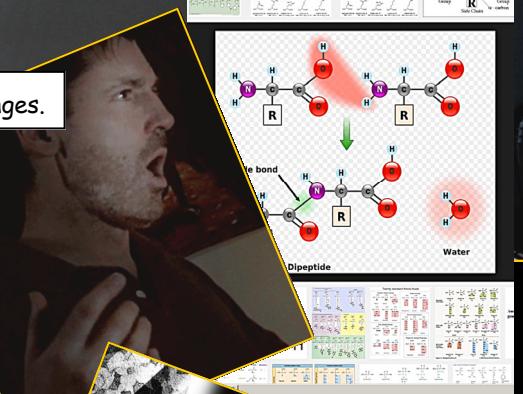
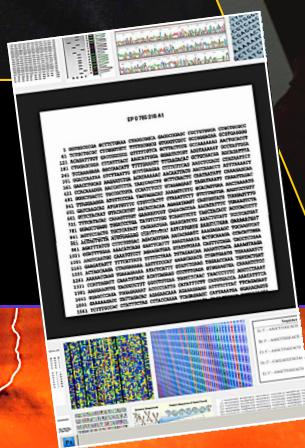


...the ship reappears...

...and discharges an electric arc towards its target.



He watches,
stunned,
as new images
race across it...





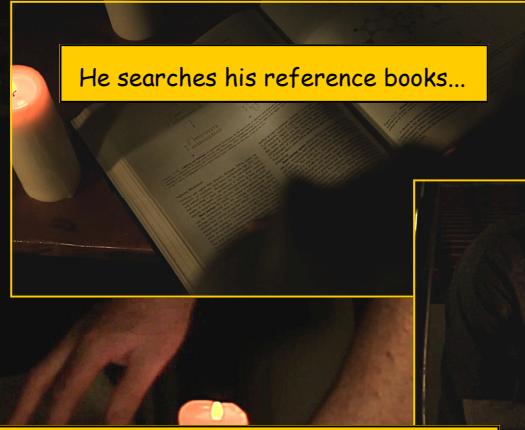
AGT CGT ACTAA

The screen explodes with information: genetic codes, chemical compositions, diagrams...



Kitchen.

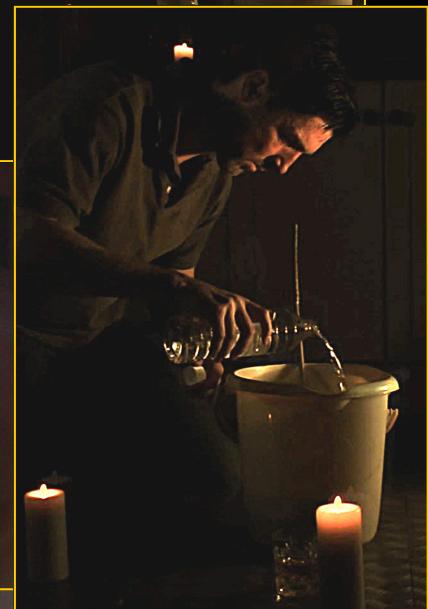
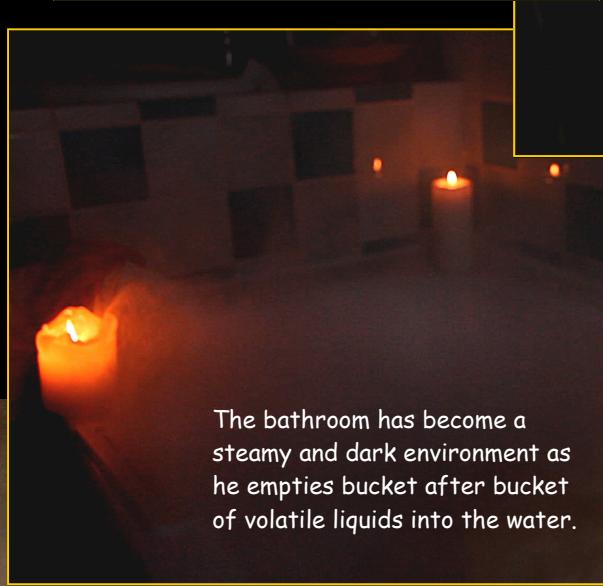
He searches his reference books...



...before selecting different chemicals from under the kitchen sink. He checks their constituents carefully, and only adds ones which he believes are close to what he needs.



The bathroom has become a steamy and dark environment as he empties bucket after bucket of volatile liquids into the water.



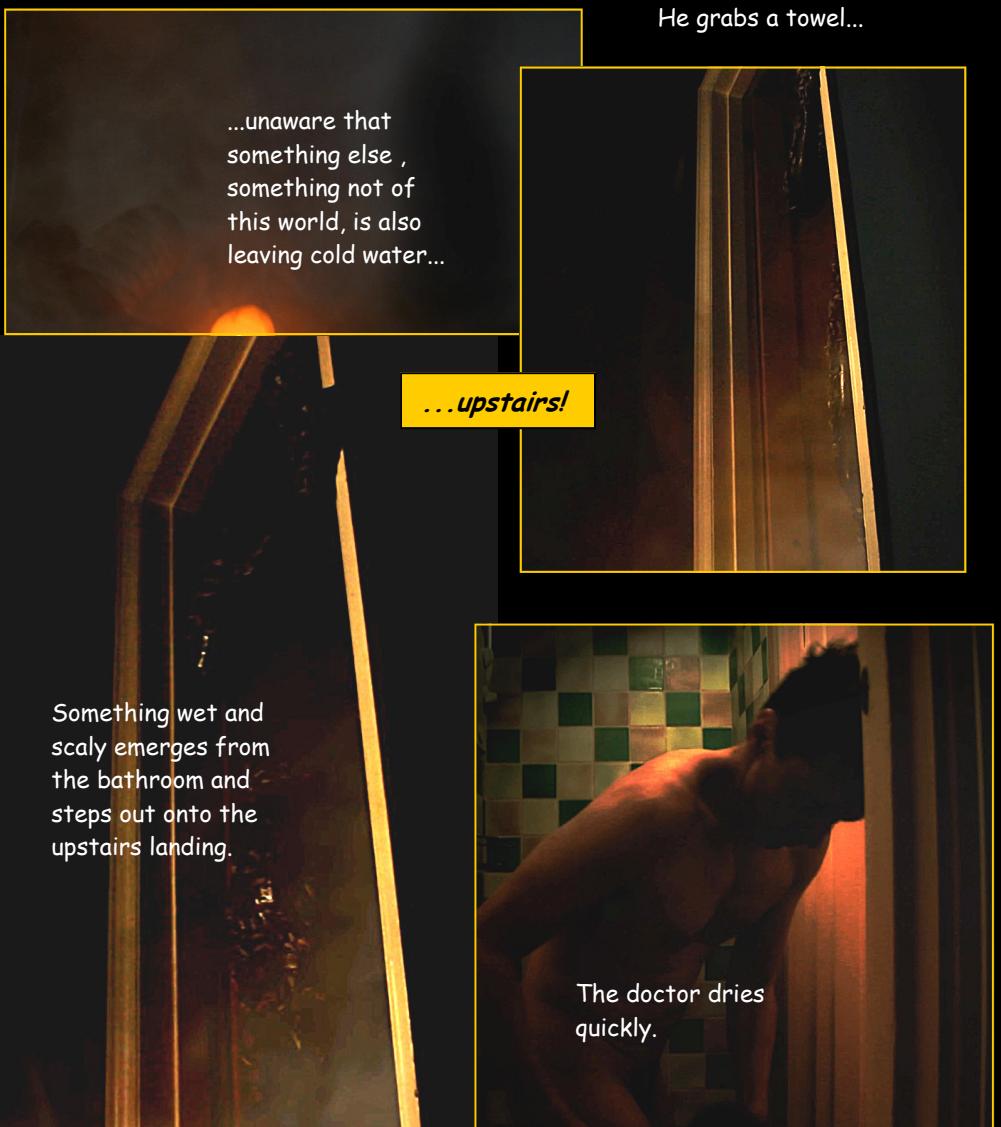
He empties the last bucket load.
The bath belches out gases which...

...stifles and chokes him—forcing him to exit quickly.

Retch... cough... cough...



The doctor showers...



Something wet and scaly emerges from the bathroom and steps out onto the upstairs landing.

He grabs a towel...

The doctor dries quickly.



A long low frequency sound...

OUUUUU



...a soft whale-like call...



As he leaves the shower room...

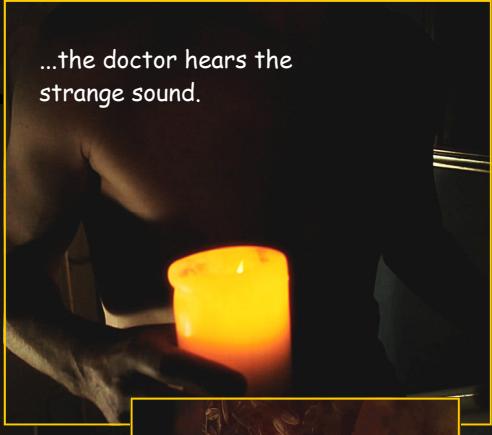
UUU-EEEE-AAAGGGGHH!



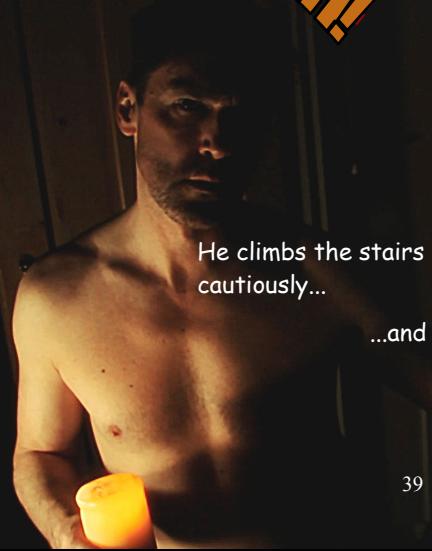
...or one of pain?

It stumbles.

STOMP!

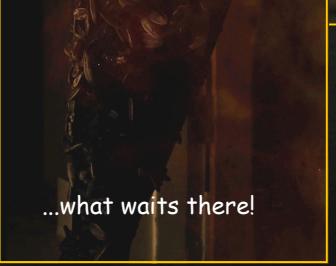


...the doctor hears the strange sound.

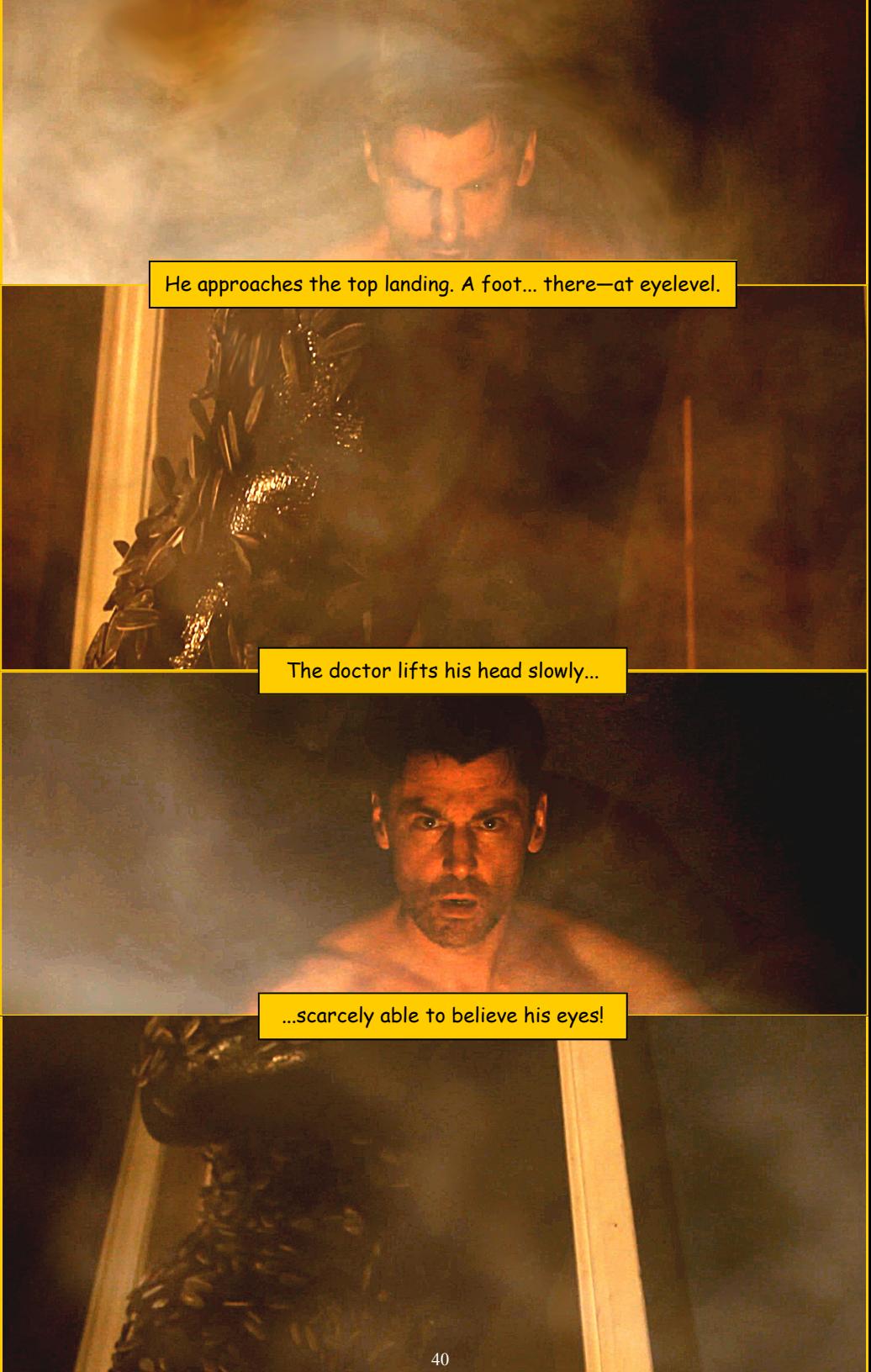


He climbs the stairs cautiously...

...and wonders...



...what waits there!



He approaches the top landing. A foot... there—at eyelevel.

The doctor lifts his head slowly...

...scarcely able to believe his eyes!



A scaled figure stands there gripping the door frame.



He moves closer...



...as the creature lets out a low whining sound, as though...

UUUEEEAAAGGGHH!

It's in pain—
or... maybe
scared.

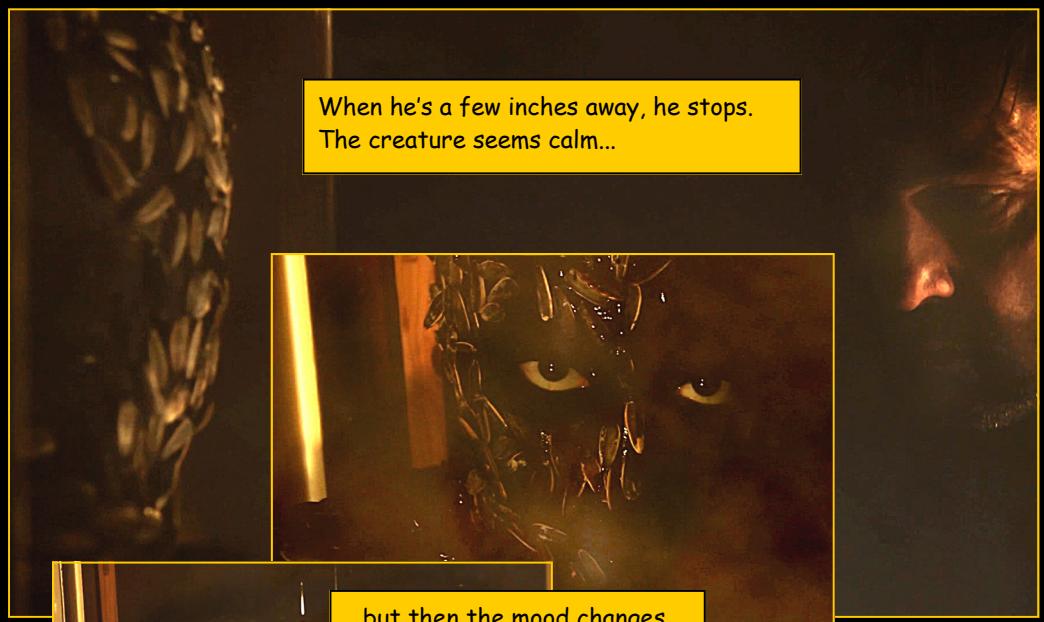
It slides down the door frame to the floor.



Its breathing is laboured.

Phuhhhha-Haa-Phehh

The doctor moves very slowly so as not to frighten it. They stare at each other.



When he's a few inches away, he stops.
The creature seems calm...



...but then the mood changes..

WHHHOOOSSSHHH!



It
lashes
out!



But the
doctor ducks
back.



And returns
unharmed to
his position.

It seems resigned... tired... weak.



The creature closes its eyes.



He reaches out...



...and places a hand on its chest.



A strong heart lies beneath.



Suddenly—two scaly hands grabs his arm!

ShWOWK!

He pulls, but their grip is too strong.



"Sa-dumpa!"

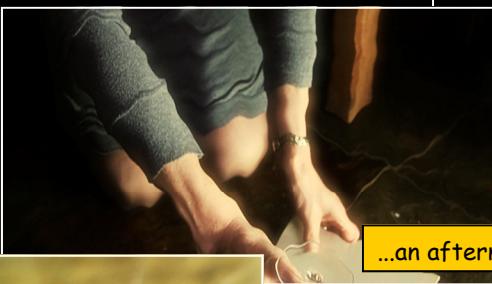


"Sa-dumpa?"

He listens as it repeats it over and over.



A memory...



...an afternoon with Christine.



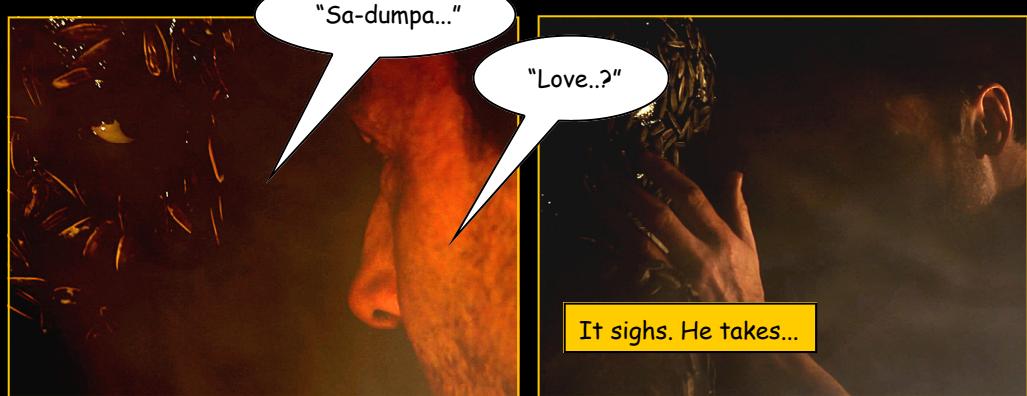
"I'm just scared
of them a bit...."



"I thought you
didn't like spiders?"

"...until..."







Somehow, the tender gesture belies the harsh exterior of the creature. The doctor gently pushes his nails into its scaly skin and is surprised when...



A section peels away revealing soft pink flesh beneath.



He helps it stand up.

And aids it down the stairs towards the shower room.

Shower room

Psshhhhh!

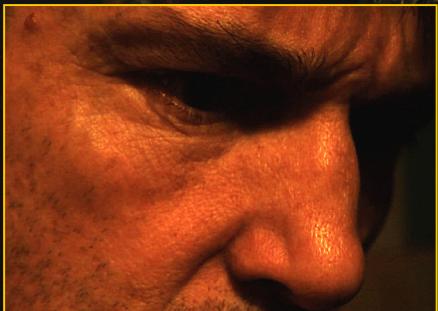
He probes the scaly exterior,
wondering where to start.



He grips a section and tears it away.
The creature lets out a soft moan.



The water seems to soften and
loosen the scales, so he sprays
and wipes, picks, brushes, tears
off more and more.



Soft white skin beneath is
becoming more exposed. And the
creature feels warm to his touch.



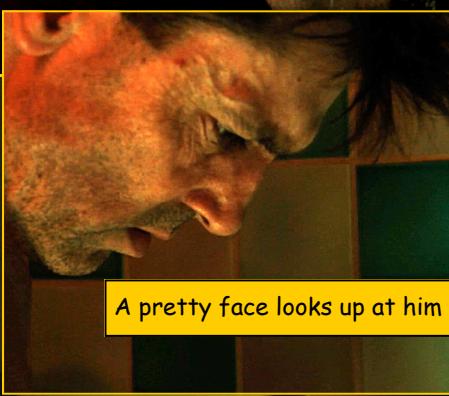
It doesn't seem in pain.



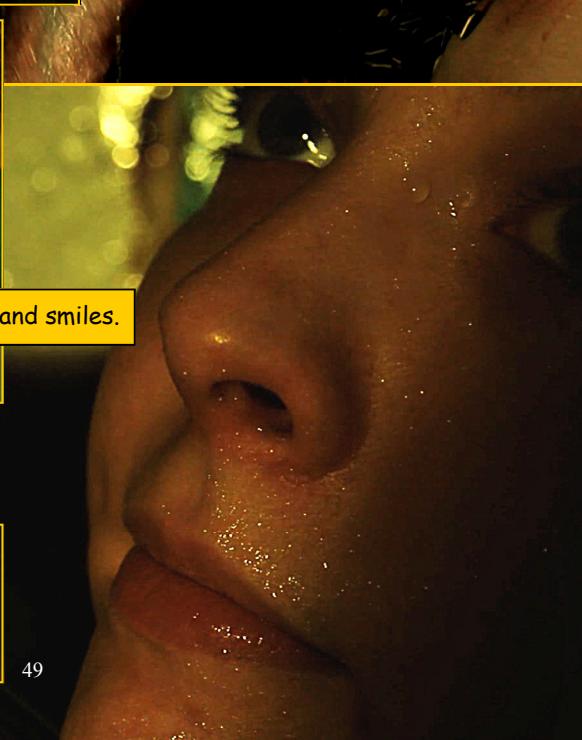
More like relieved, to be rid of a burden.

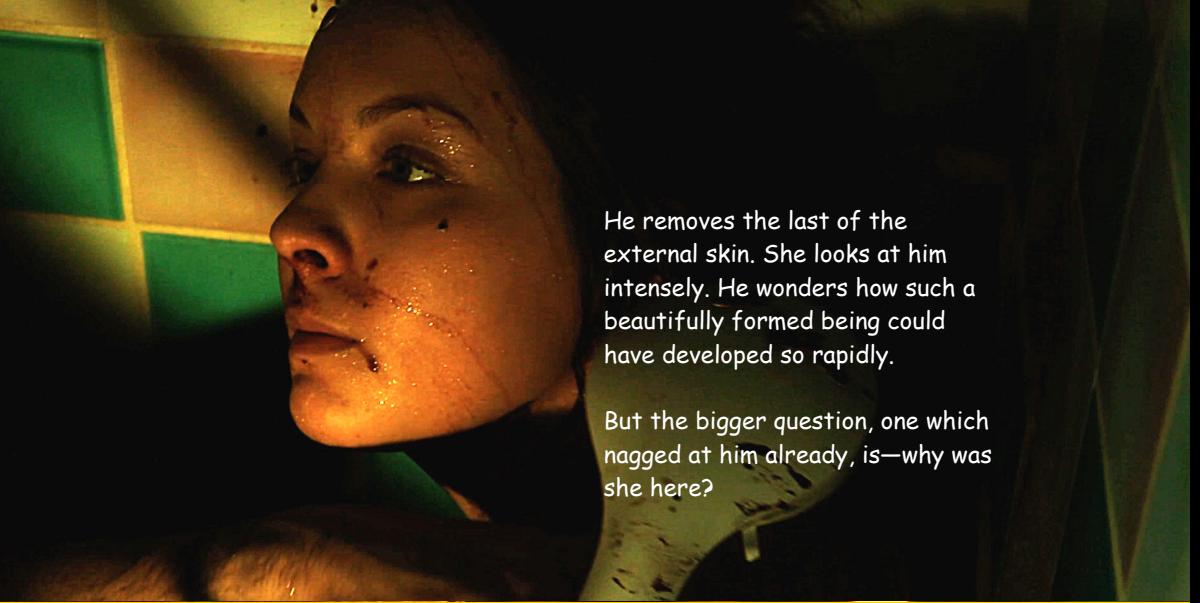


He could see now, it was female.



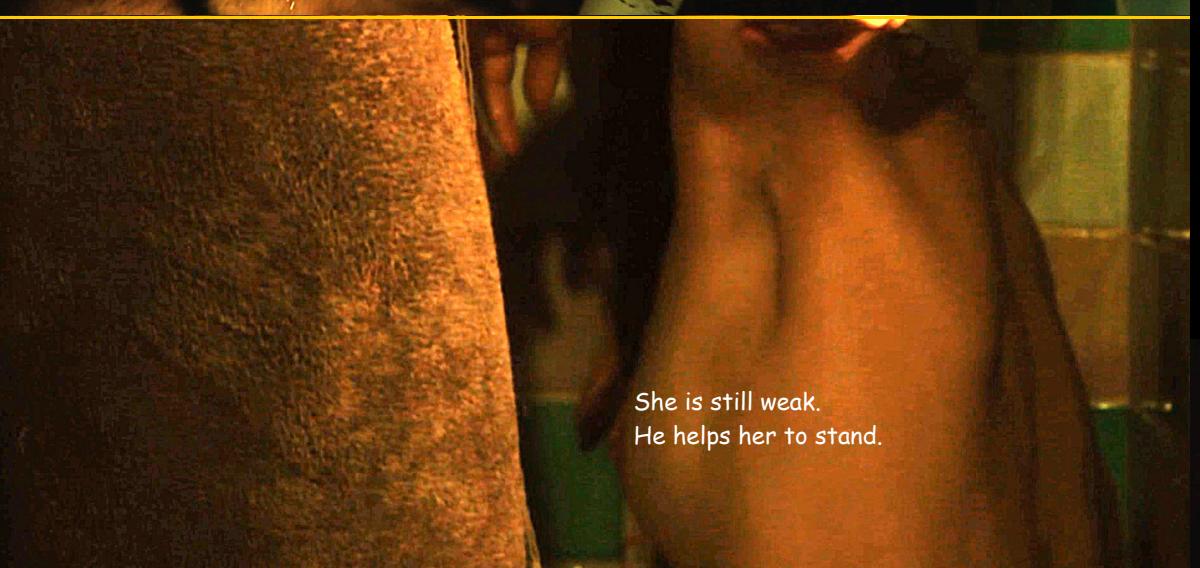
A pretty face looks up at him and smiles.





He removes the last of the external skin. She looks at him intensely. He wonders how such a beautifully formed being could have developed so rapidly.

But the bigger question, one which nagged at him already, is—why was she here?



She is still weak.
He helps her to stand.



And strokes her tenderly to reassure her she is safe.





She beholds her reflection.



He waits patiently.



Then, thinking of the cold shower and her welfare...



He leads her out of the shower room and upstairs.

They pass the bathroom and he stops her. Steam still billows from the bubbling bath tub. He leaves her in the hallway and goes into the bathroom.



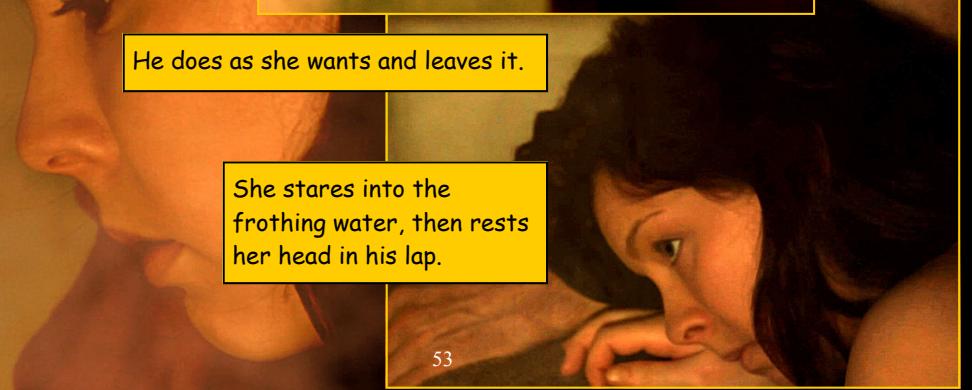
He looks into the bath and goes to pull the plug.

GRAB!



She Stops him.

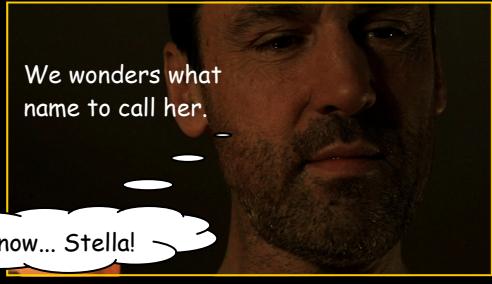
He does as she wants and leaves it.



She stares into the frothing water, then rests her head in his lap.



He tucks her into bed.



We wonders what name to call her.

I know... Stella!



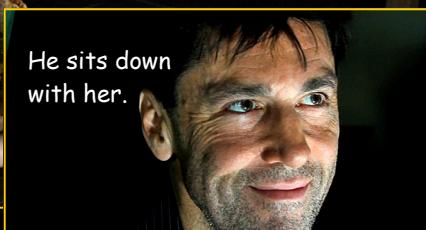
A few days later.

Stellar sits playing with a TV remote...

"What are you watching?"



She laughs.



He sits down with her.



But then...



"Stella?"



"Did you do this?"



There are puddles on the floor.





She looked like a full grown woman, but...



"Ok. Now. Go here."



"Always use the toilet."



"You understand?"



Nightfall.

In the days and weeks which follow, the doctor understands she is a growing child needing care and guidance. He is amazed at how rapidly she develops.



Sometimes, this new task allows him relief from his grief,



He is always there for her.



The doctor could not be aware of the fleet of ships from another galaxy moving towards our solar system.



Nor their connection with Stellar!





Over the next few weeks she blossomed.



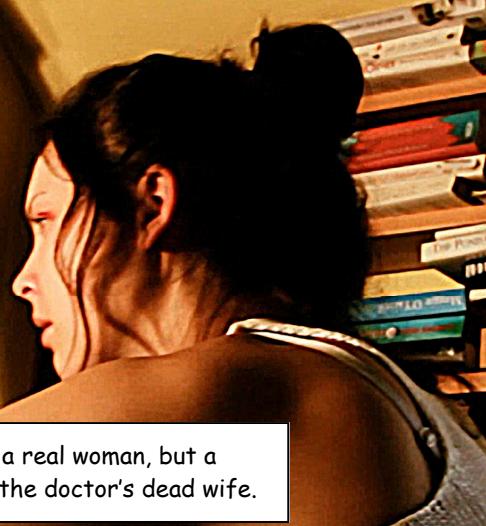
He loved her innocence. One sunny day he found her dancing in the rain full of laughter and joy.



Soon, he must show her the data on the computer.

Would it spoil all this, he wondered?

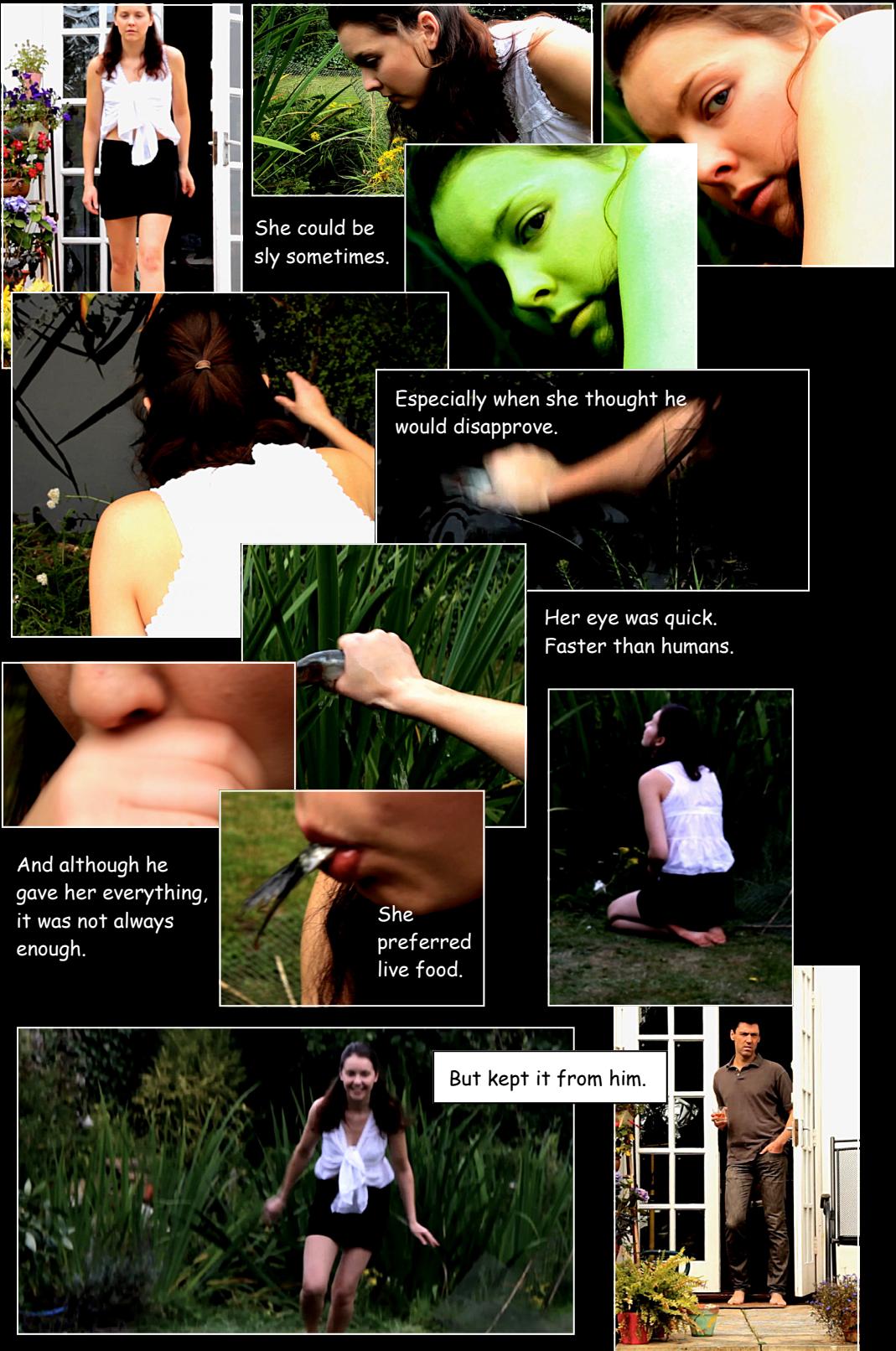
There were times when he wasn't always there to watch her. Times, when alone, she would explore her own desires & aims. Girls growing up turn into women.



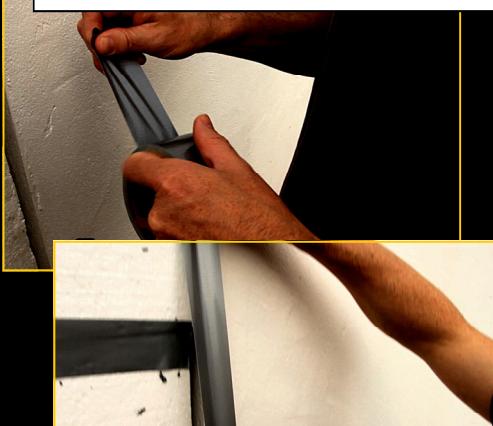
The only other woman in the house was not a real woman, but a picture in a digital photo-frame—Christine, the doctor's dead wife.



But she increasingly sensed there was something different about herself, and she resented it.



The doctor had secrets from her too. He feared the time was coming when he'd need to tell her more about how she came to be here, and why he broke his promises to her. And she was now mature enough to want more than confined space.



She questioned more each day...



"I put nice dress on.
You say I learn quick,
you take me outside..."

"...see people."



"I told you. Not yet. We still have things to do."



"What we do? We do..."



"...do... do... do!"



"Learn. Work."



She bangs the table in emphasis.



"We have to find out something first. There's stuff on the computer..."



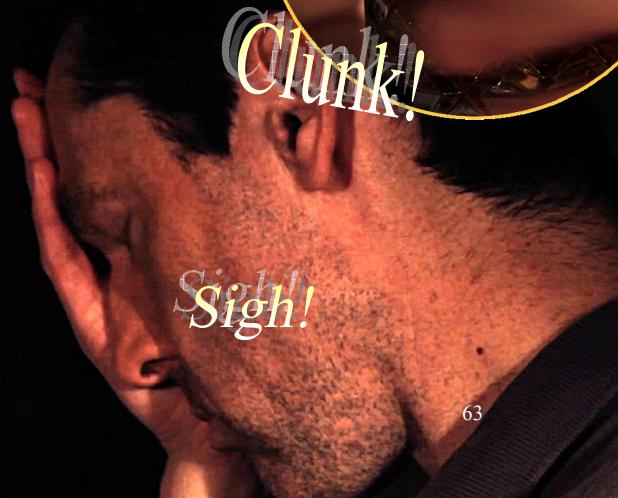
"Stuff? What is stuff?"



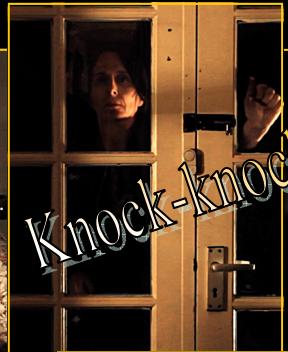
He resigns himself.
He'll tell her...



"Why you no answer?"



Sigh!
Sigh!



"Special data! Stuff you may understand."

"Shit!"

"Say nothing."

"I'll introduce you.."

"Introduce?"

"After you say hello to my friend, you go to your room."

You do it, yes?
Otherwise you make me unhappy."

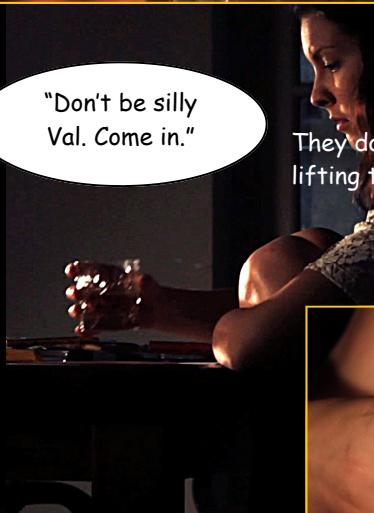
Ah he goes to answer the door,
Stellar reaches towards his whisky...



"just keeping
my promise."

"Don't be silly
Val. Come in."

They don't notice her
lifting the glass...



"I'm sorry. You
have company..."

...and drinking all
the contents."



"Val, this is Stellar.
Stellar, this is my friend
Val."

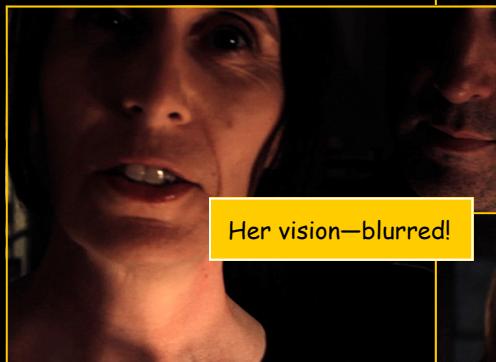




As Stellar stands,
she feels faint.



Dizzy!



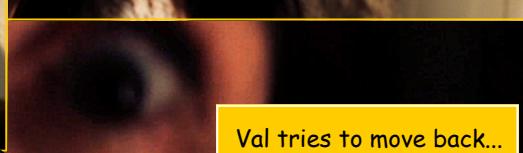
Her vision—blurred!



"Urk!"



Too late!



Val tries to move back...





Stella falls back. Her eyes are like glass.



J-j-h-h-a-k-e!



She shakes violently!

"She's having a fit. Get something for her to bite on or she'll lose her tongue."

J-j-h-h-a-k-e!





She stops shaking, lies still, eyes wide open. For a moment they think her dead.



"It's ok. I'm alright now."

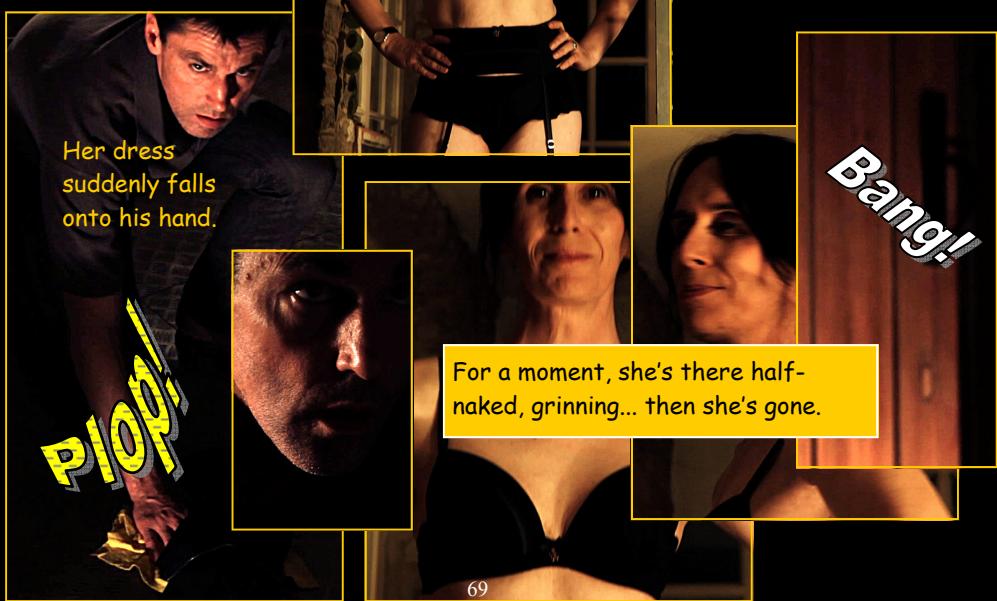
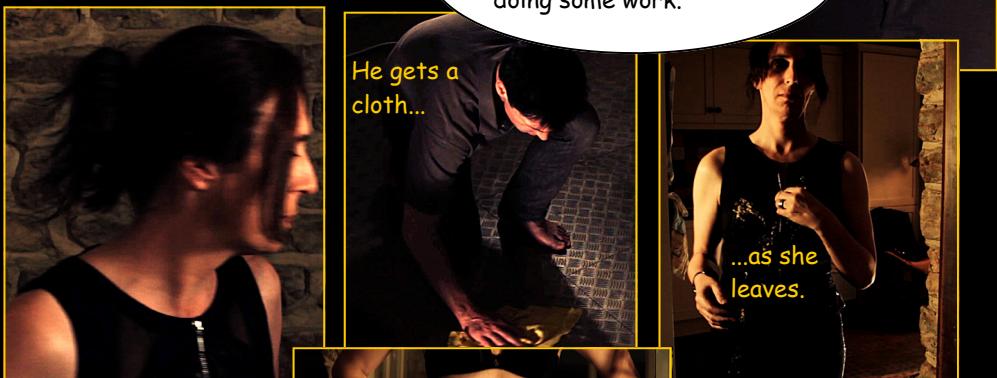
She gets to her feet and looks accusingly at the table...



...and the empty glass... and then the doctor!

"How you drink that. Nasty!"







And wonders about the frothing bath.

But then... A noise—muffled, behind the other door.

SSSShhhh-chink-SHUNK!



She doesn't notice... but something... changes!

The sound of a baby crying...

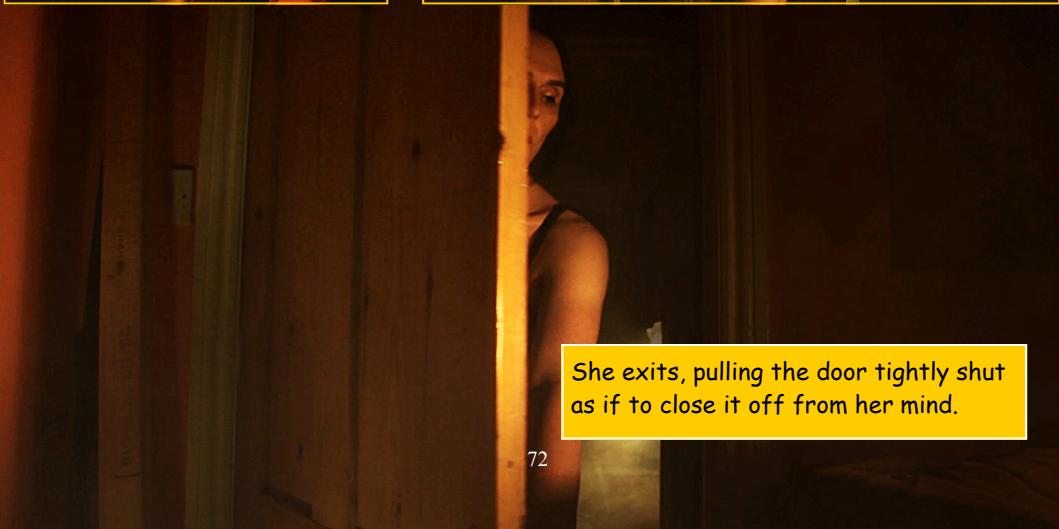
...behind the other door!



She listens.



Then slowly opens the door.





Val enters the bedroom.



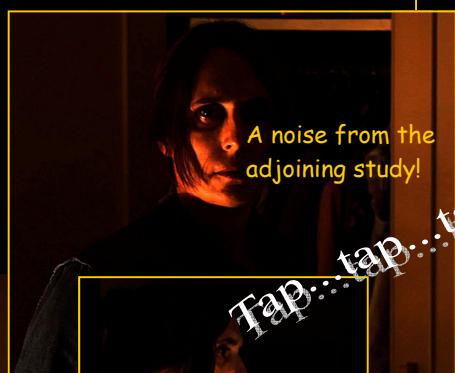
She looks in the
wardrobe...



...picks out some clothes...



...and dresses quickly.



A noise from the
adjoining study!

Tap...tap...tap...



She investigates...

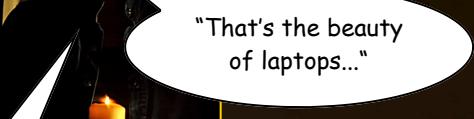
"Hello again."

"That's the beauty
of laptops..."



"...batteries!"

Tap...tap...tap...



Stellar just stares.



Something stirs in the bath.
A shadow emerges from the
bathroom.

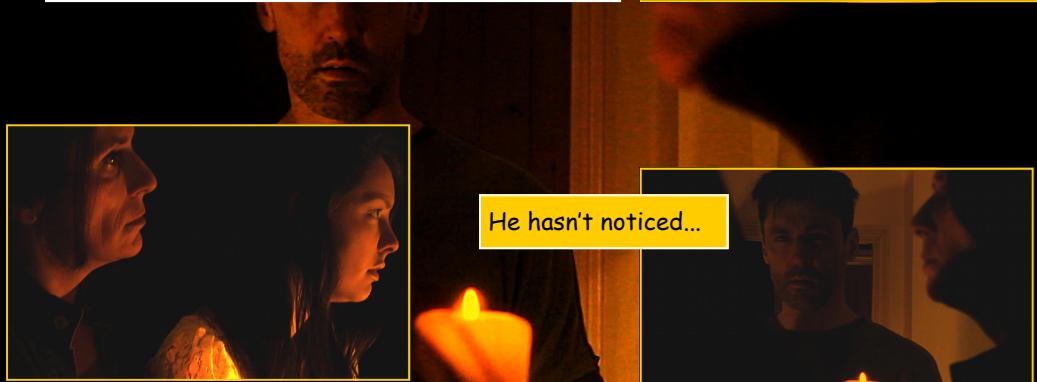


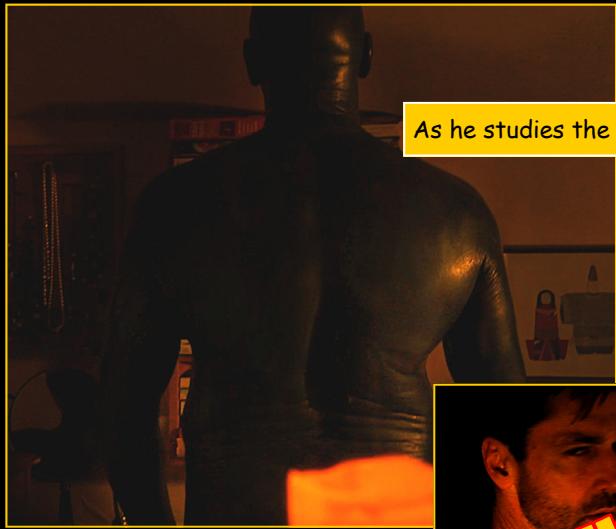
It strides
slowly into the
bedroom.

Thump!

Downstairs...

Thump!





As he studies the strange giant figure...



...a noise!



Rummmccccccccccccc!



As he turns back to Val & Stella...



...something?!

SSShhh-chink-SHUNK!



"I think we're going to..."



"...have to write to
the power company..."



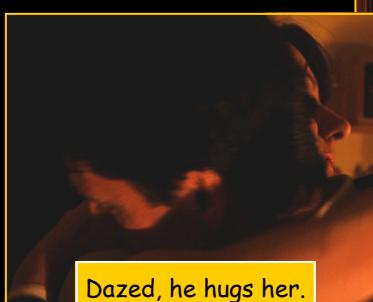
"...and make a formal
complaint."

Val & Stella are gone! His dead wife stands there alive and well!



"Are you alright love..."

"...you look like
you've seen a ghost?"



Dazed, he hugs her.
She's solid...real!



"Er..."

"Won't be a
minute love. "



He remembers this
time, from before. It
was their wedding
anniversary. There
had been a power cut
that night just
before they went out
for dinner...

He needs a moment alone—needs to understand what's happening.

He steps into the hallway.

"I'll just brush my teeth."

It's clear. No steaming bath. All is as it used to be.

Sure, he'd been hitting the whisky over last the year, but recently—not so much.

The bathroom.

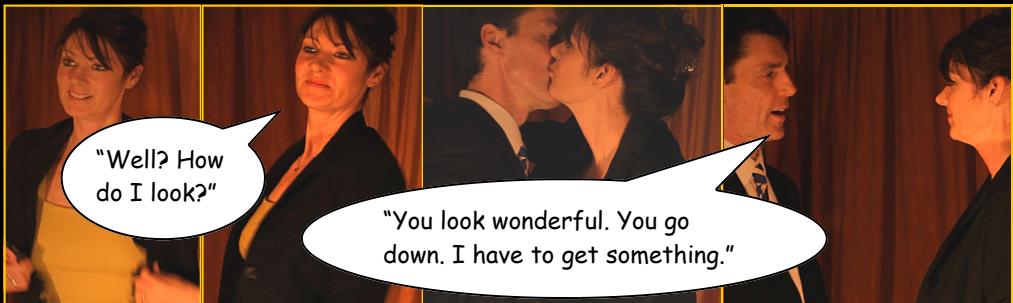
Something odd. His reflection in the mirror...

He touches his face but his reflection—it... it... lags.

He thinks that something surreal and unfathomable is happening. Or...

...he's going insane?

Either that or else he's somehow caught in an impossible breach of the universe's rules.

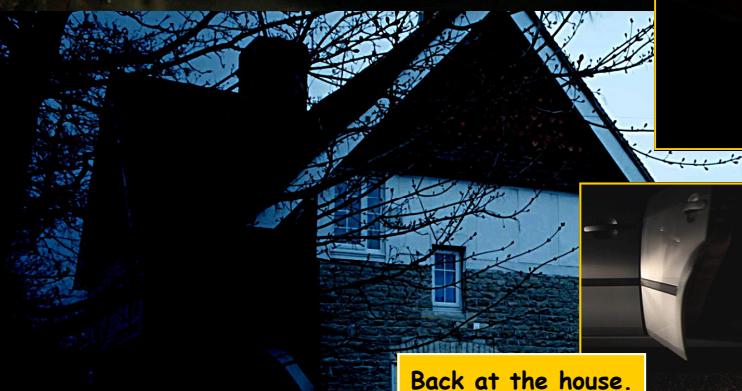




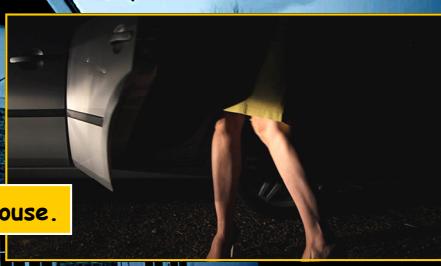
At the restaurant.



She makes a wish. Blows out the candles.



Back at the house.







!?

SSSShhh-chink-SHUNK!!



FLASH!

A red glow outside.



He walks out of the study...

His wife is gone. It is as it was earlier...

"Good. You're back."



He looks for Stellar.



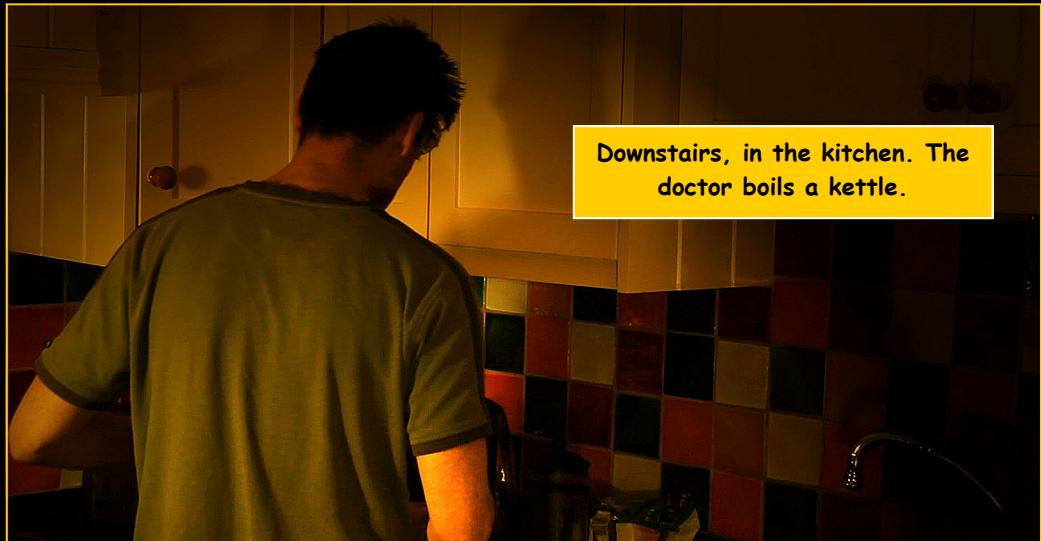
"Sa-dumpa..."

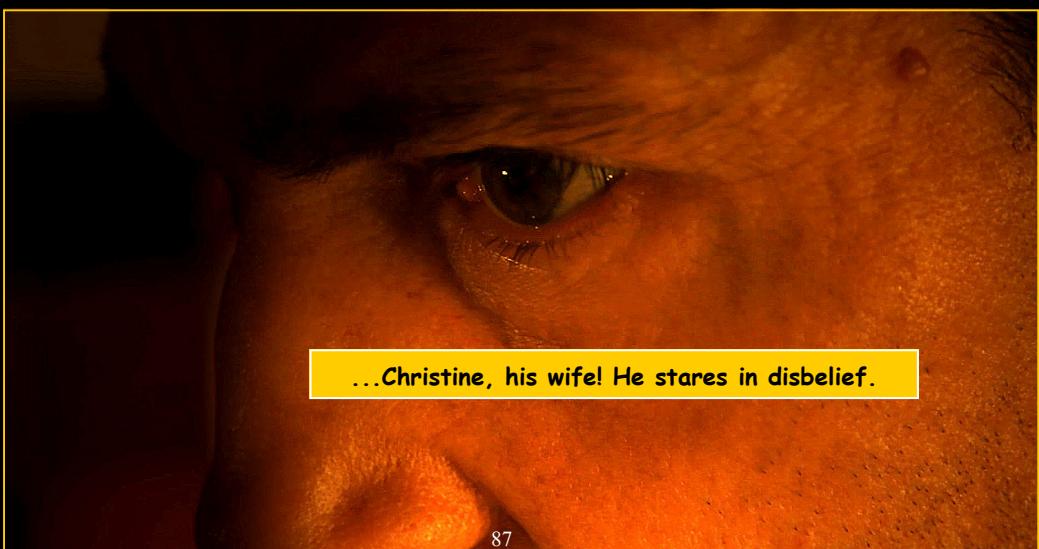
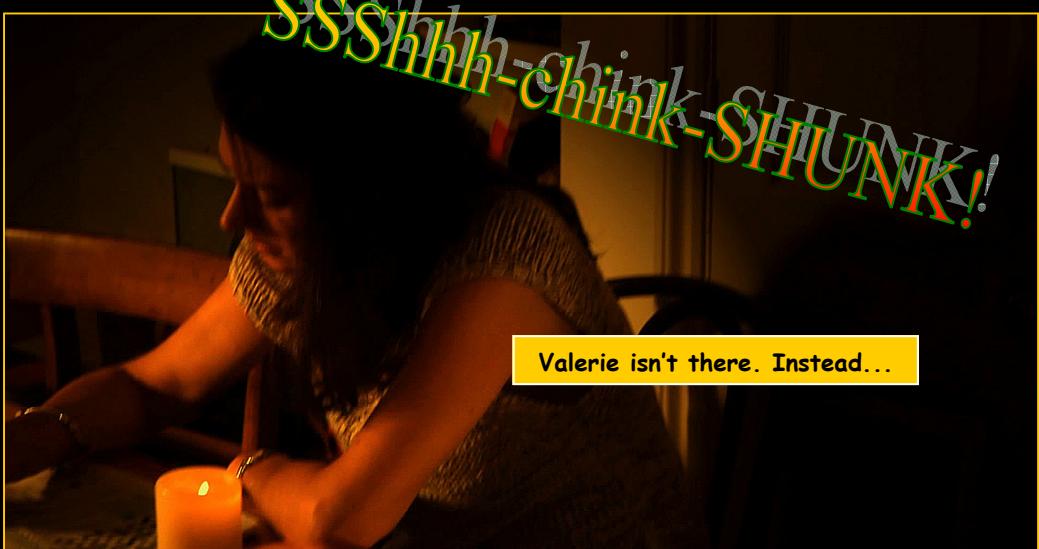


"He need it."



"Cuppa, James?
We need to talk."







"Green, fruity capital in South America."

"Four letters."

"Lima!"

"Yes. You're so quick."

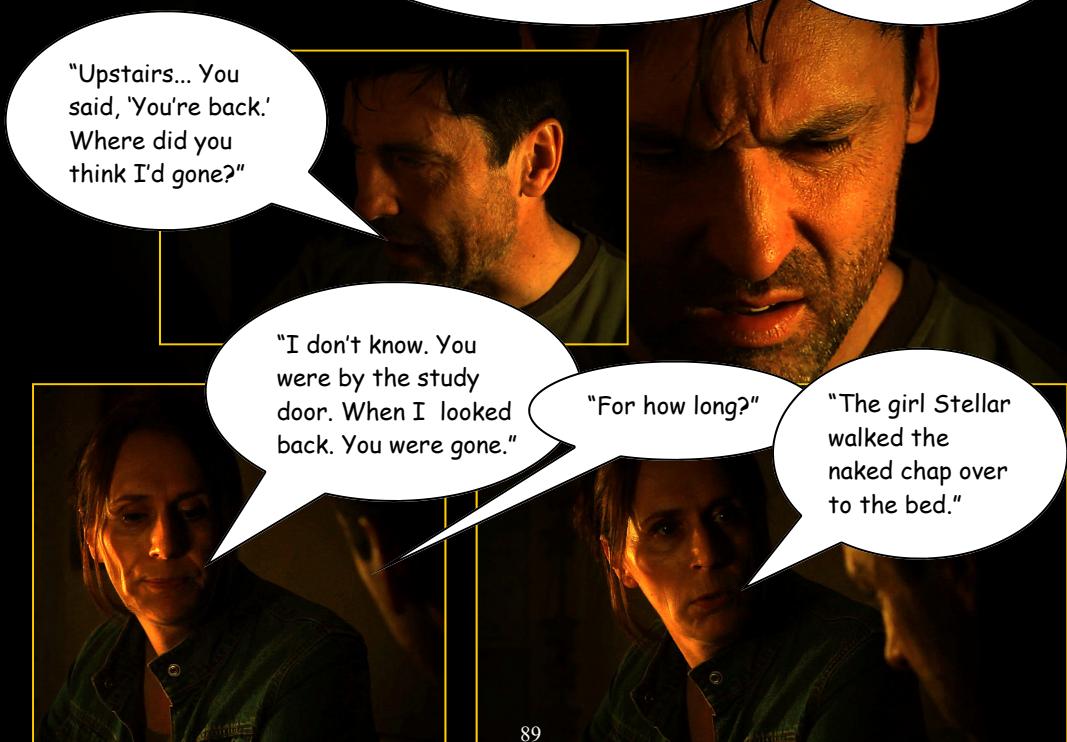
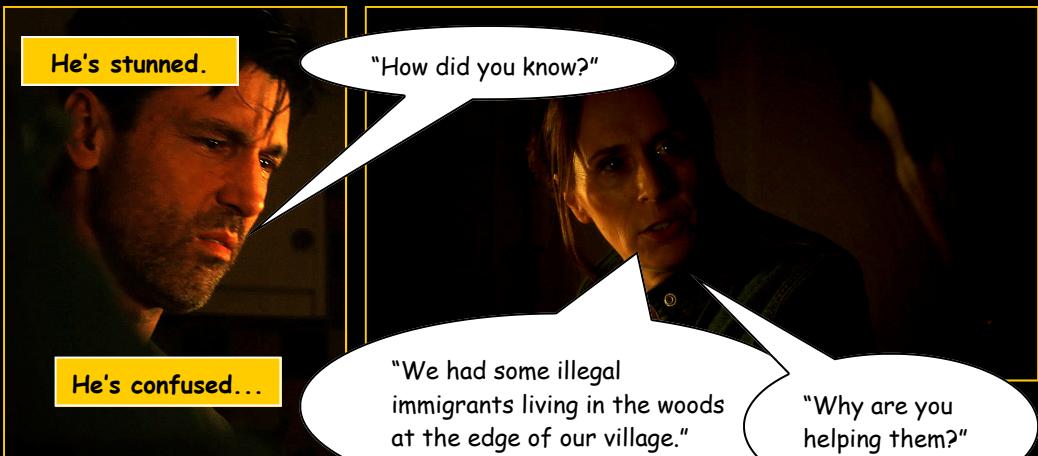
"Light some more candles please love."

Rumbleeeeeeee!

As he lights a candle... A noise!

"CLICK!"

SSShhh-chink-SHUNK!







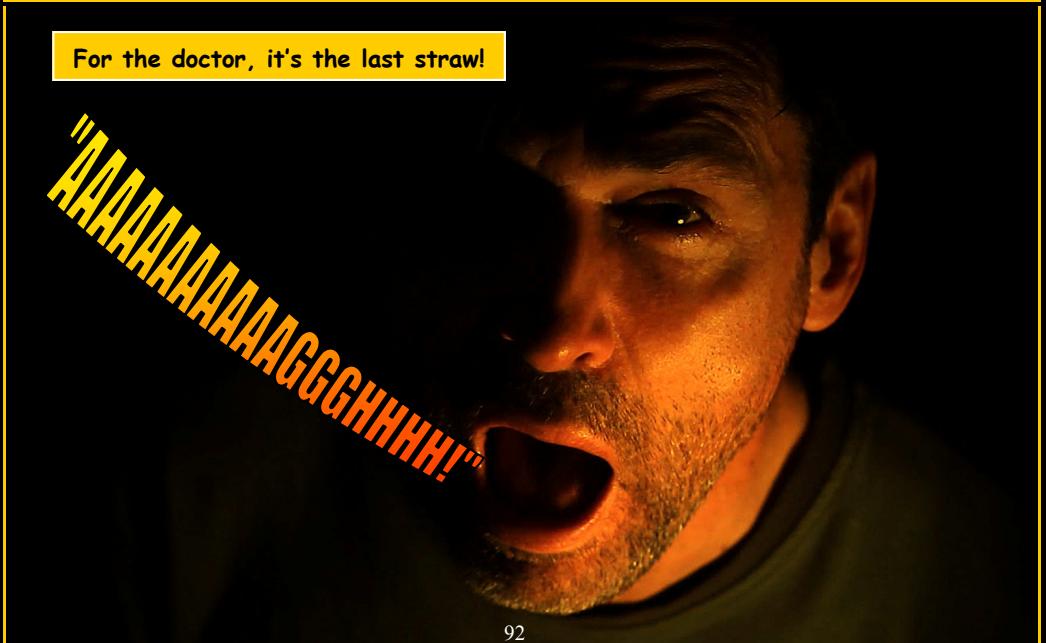
As he looks up... a noise!



He stares... speechless!

"Are you sad you and
Christine had no
children?"

"The trouble is..."





A noise...

Displacement...

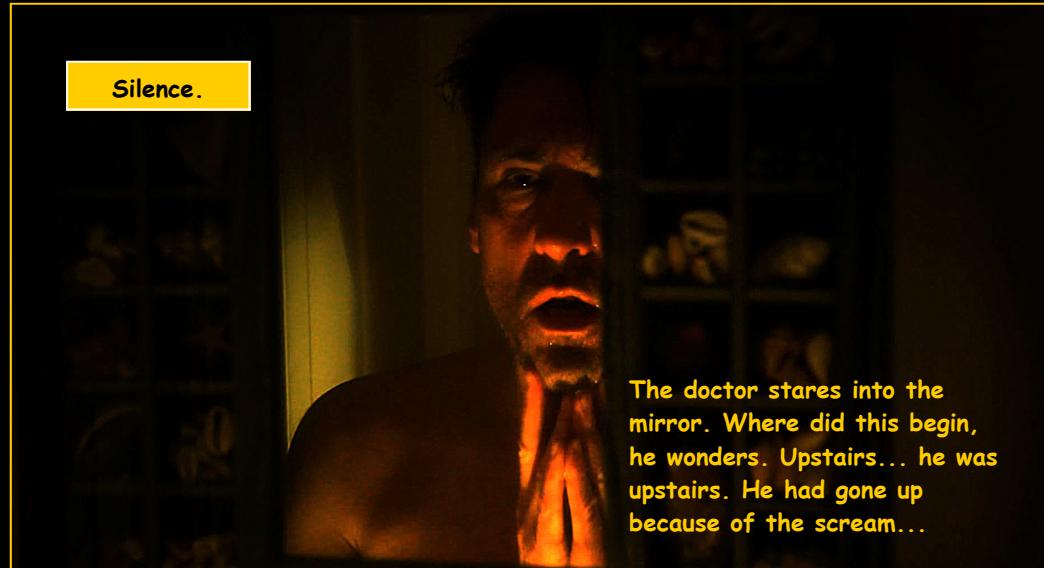
Replacement...

Downstairs bathroom.

Pain!

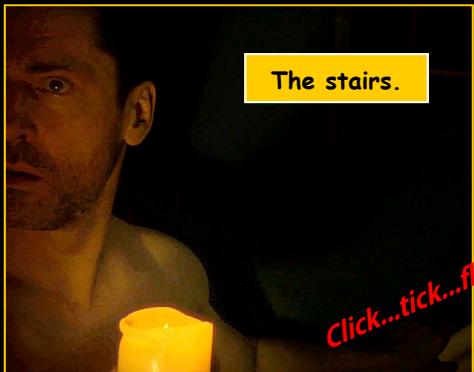
Ssssshhhh-Rummmiceeeeeeeeee!
chink-SHUNK!

Silence.



The doctor stares into the mirror. Where did this begin, he wonders. Upstairs... he was upstairs. He had gone up because of the scream...

The stairs.



Click...tick...flick...flicker-flick...

A new sound.

Upstairs



flicker...flick...flicker-flick...

He pushes the bedroom door...



flicker...flick...flicker-flick...



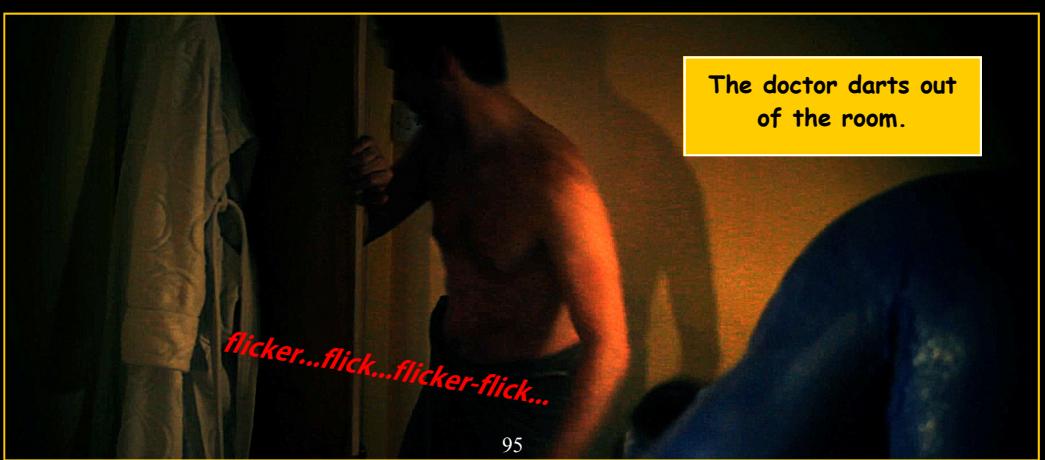
He sees a hand. It shakes violently. The strange noise comes from inside. He pushes the door and steps inside.

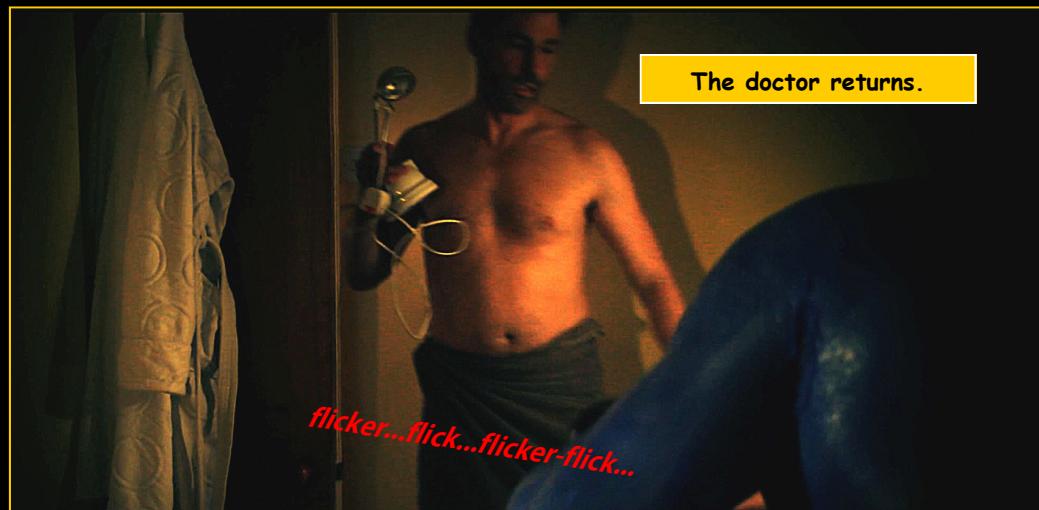


The strange creature is doing something to Stellar.



The doctor darts out of the room.







But it sees him.



Wha-o-o-errr



A green ball of energy flies towards the doctor...



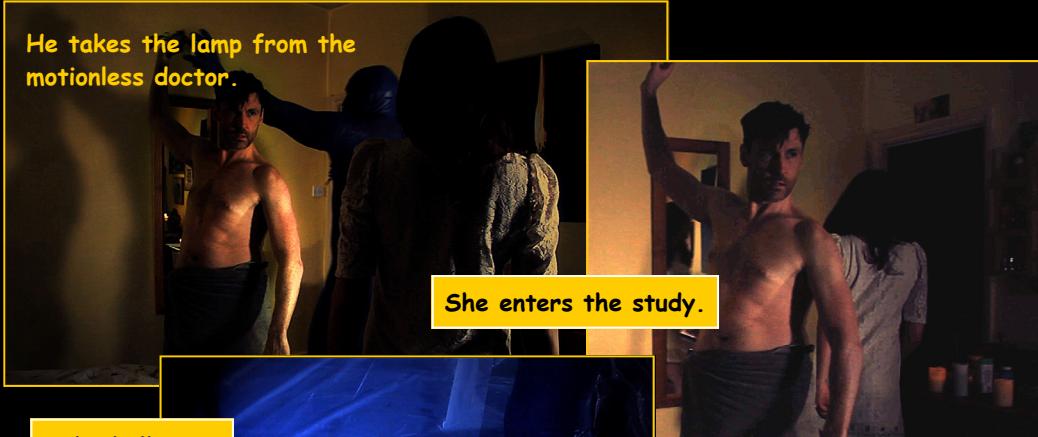
...freezing him into a living statue.



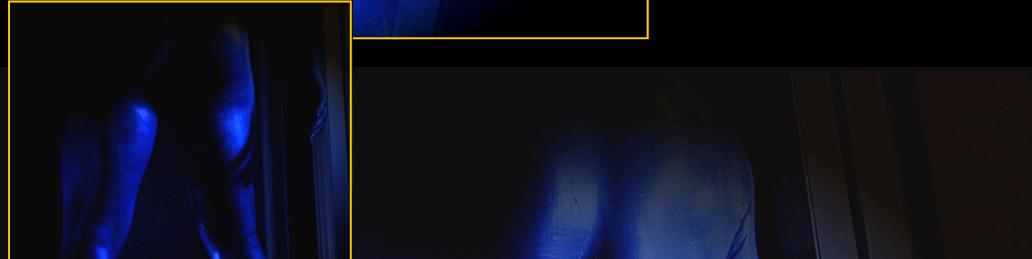
He looks up, sees with something other than eyes...

...a ship approaching earth.





He prepares to carry out her instruction.



What he is about to do
is what he was designed
for—a task beyond all
human capability!



He opens his mouth wide and roars. It's a sound that travels not just in space...



...but in time!

Aooowwww!

Ahhhhh!



A roar which echoes as a scream...

Aooowwww!

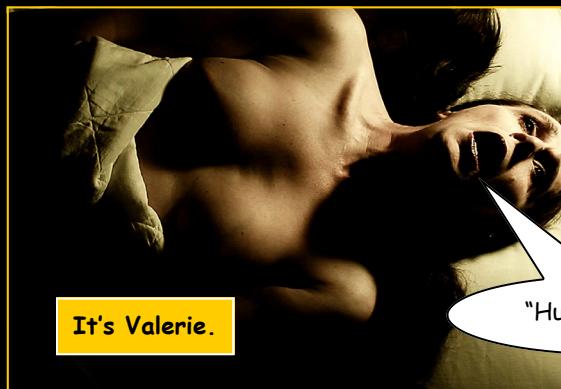
Ahhhhh!

BOOSH!

Ahhhhh!

Another scream joins the throng.

Thump!



And something about her moment now is linked to the past and to the future!



Is linked to a car crash...



Aaghhh!

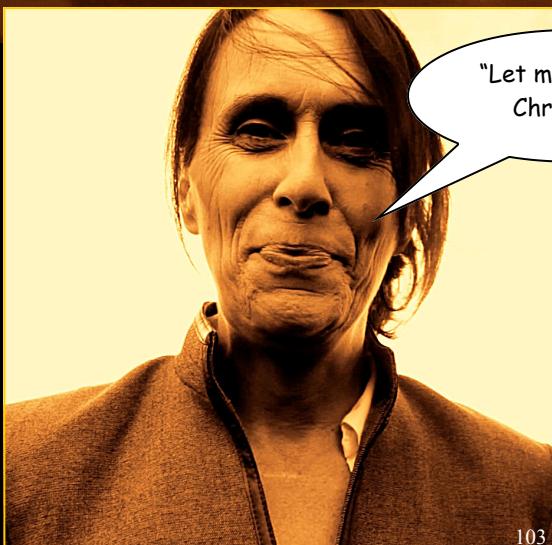
...betrayal...



Aaghhh!

...and Christine's death!

"Let me help you
Christine."



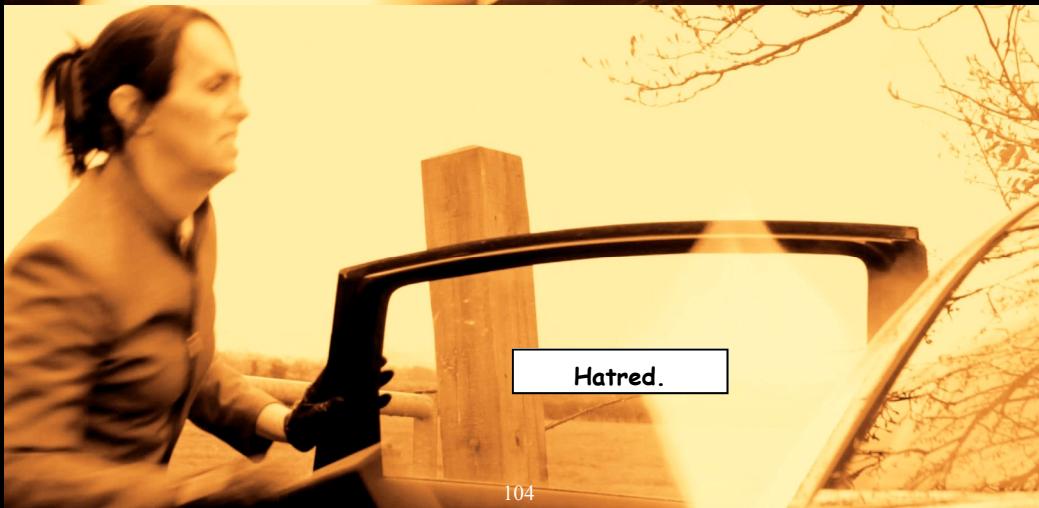
But time itself links all things...



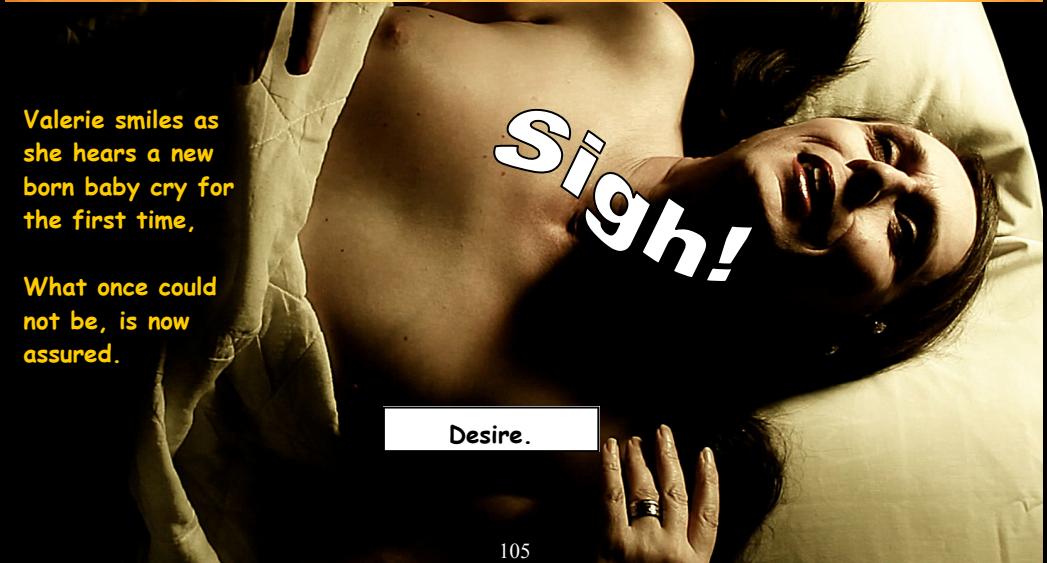
Birth.



Pain.



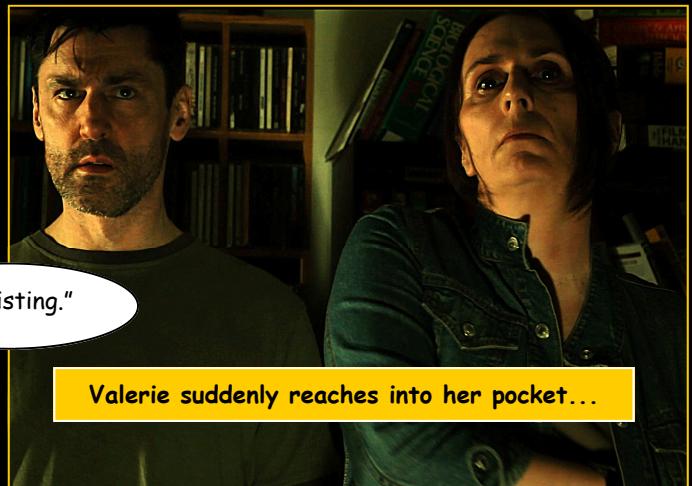
Hatred.











...pulls something out.



"Good. Then he won't stop me taking you with me then."



"Val? What are you doing? Where did you get that?"





"She wants to have
me taken away for
experimentation..."



"...like my
predecessors."



Valerie swings around
suddenly.

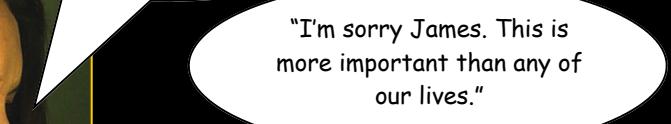
The doctor steps forwards.

She points the gun at
James.

"Don't come any
closer or I will need
to stop you."



"I mean it mate!"





Valerie thinks for a moment. Her eyes go dark. Whatever she plans to do next is likely to be a dark thing, an act to give her control...

She pauses by the door for a moment, eyes black as carbon... then she's gone!



Stellar stops typing and looks up.



"Are you gone
Stellar?"

She looks at him quietly before answering.



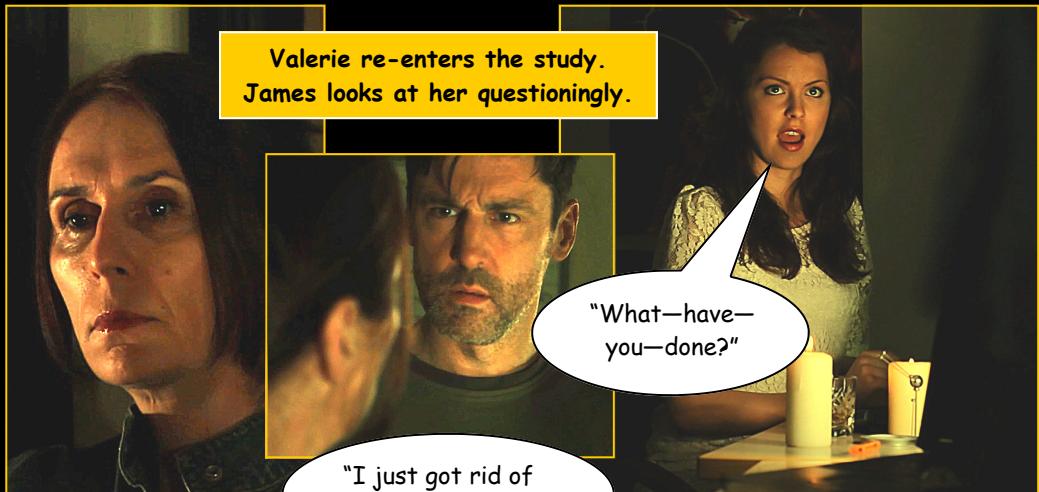
"You showed
me love."

As she turns back to the monitor...



BANG! BANG-BANG!

Shots ring out!



Time is but an illusion... a watch on a human hand, a false artefact to measure a trait of the universe thought to go in one direction like an arrow from a bow. But the universe recognises no such child-like notion. There is no arrow. There is only all things linked—past and future, unfolding simultaneously, all futures, all pasts, all nows! The universe seeks its own resolution.



BANG!

SSShhh-chunk-SHUNK!



"Ah... ah... ah..."



Pound-thump-thump... thu...

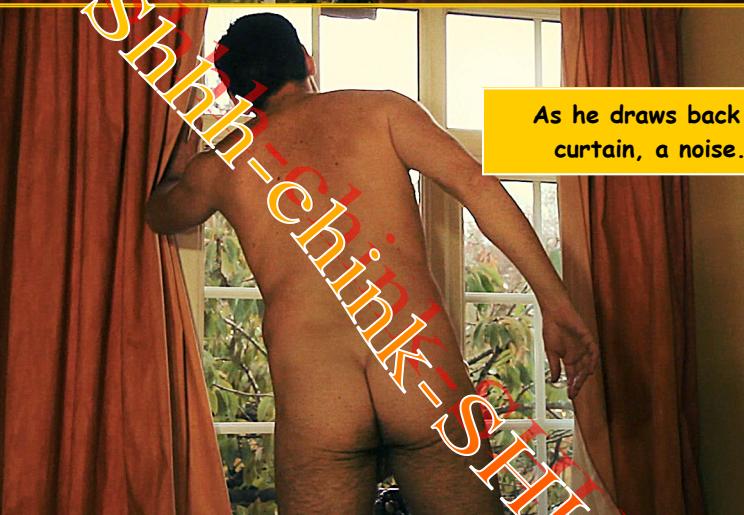




The doctor gets up and walks towards the window.



As he draws back the curtain, a noise...





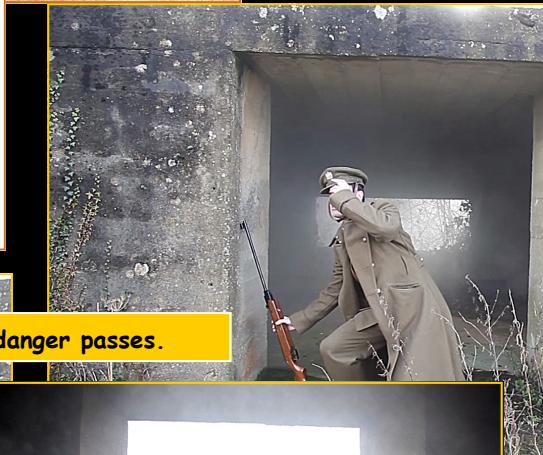


Two planes battle in the sky overhead. They scream towards him.

Rat-tat-tat!



Instinct kicks in. He grabs for the rifle.



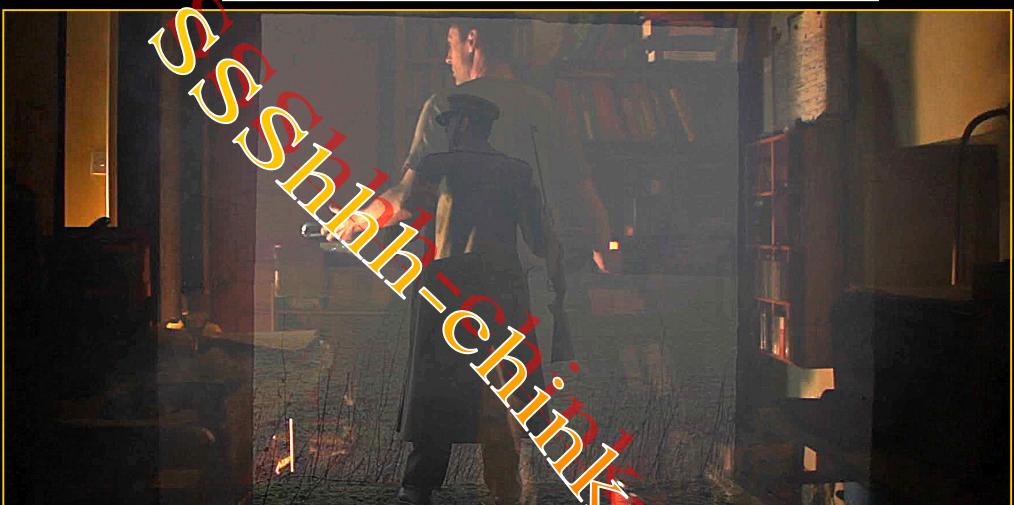
The danger passes.



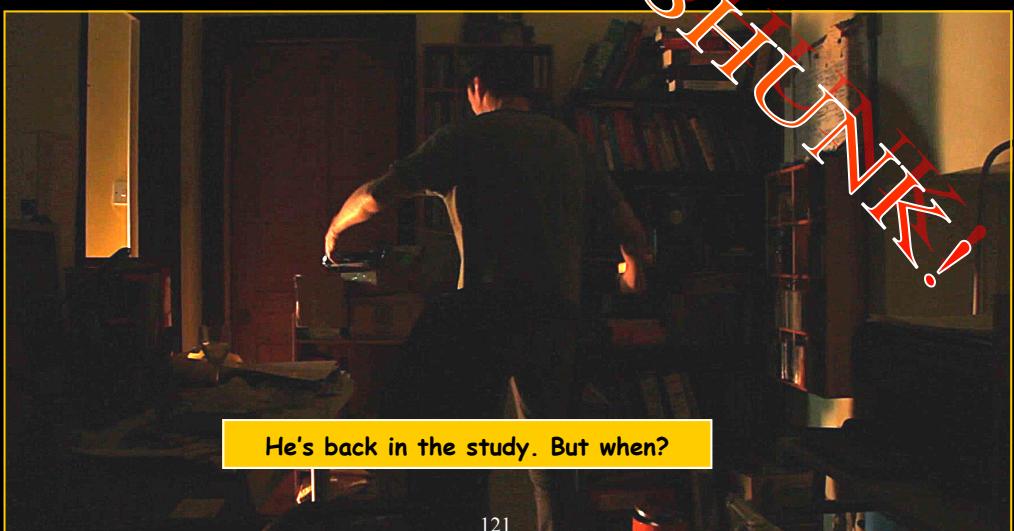
A moment to reflect—'How did I end up here?'



A noise. One he's come to dread. One that heralds...



...time being ripped apart!



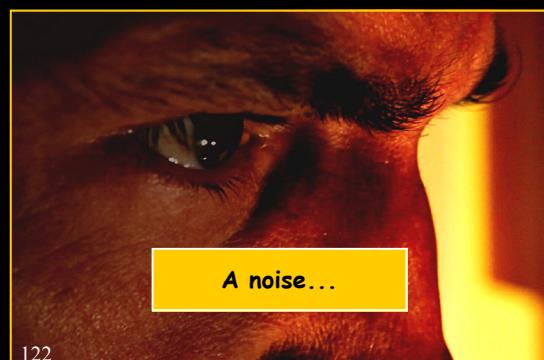
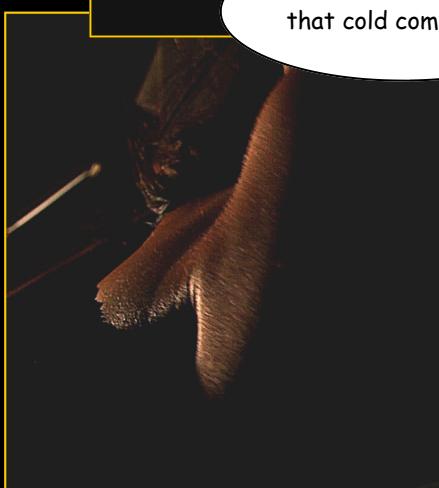
He's back in the study. But when?



He leaves the study cautiously...



He stares in disbelief!



A noise...

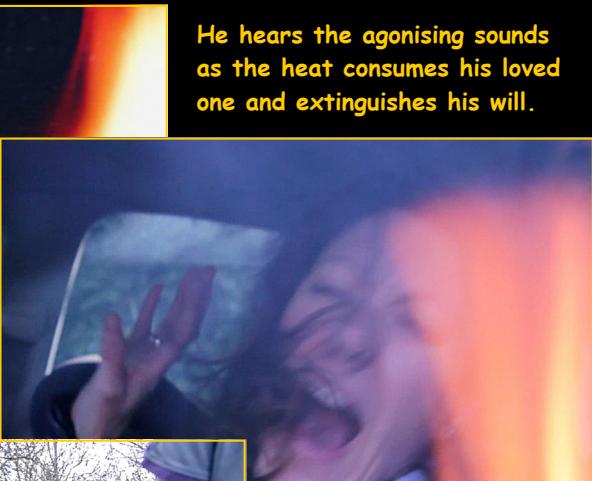








He is a frozen quiet observer of betrayal!



He hears the agonising sounds as the heat consumes his loved one and extinguishes his will.



Valerie jumps out...



...slams the door shut...

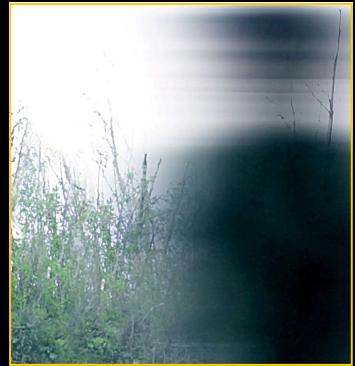
...and locks it.



CLICK!







He is transported from the crash to...

...the landing, outside the bathroom.

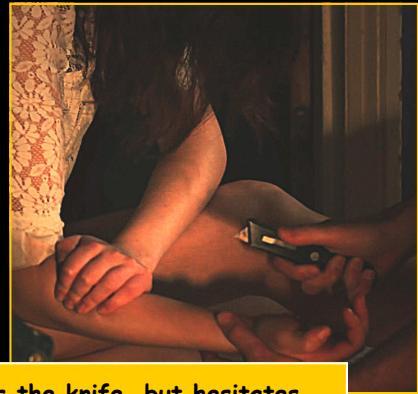
A voice, urgent...

"James! Help us!"

He looks down.







He takes the knife, but hesitates.



He slices her arm.



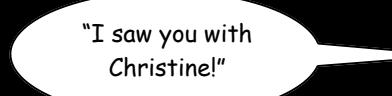




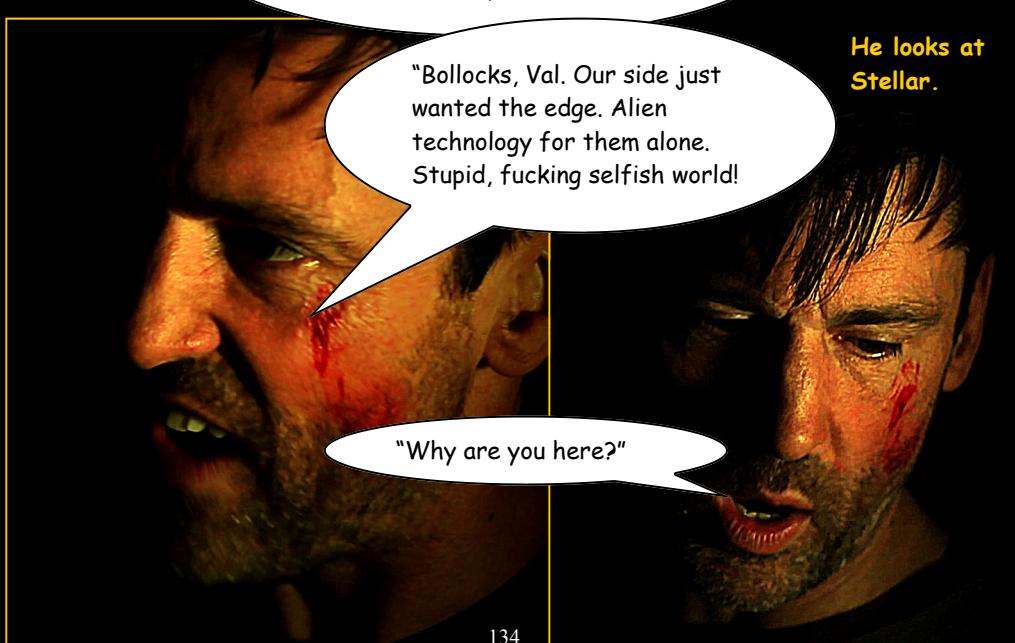
She looks towards Stellar.



He looks at her angrily.
His eyes dark...
accusing...









Stellar remains silent and just turns away.

"Something happened
to their galaxy..."

"...and now it's
happening to ours."

"She came to
warn us."

"No. I came to
spare you."

VAL: "I know
everything."

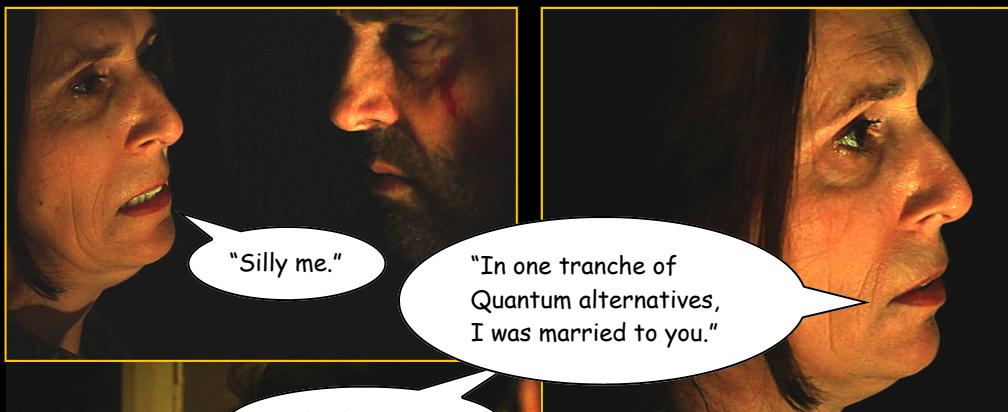
VAL: "Our galaxy
is being overrun
by Dark Matter."

"Then please,
let me help you
all."

A huge ship takes up orbit
around the earth.







"In one tranche of
Quantum alternatives,
I was married to you."



"The alternative...
the suffering... it's
beyond belief."

Valerie points at the dying
man...



"We never realised
the true nature of
Dark Matter."

"Yes. Dark Matter. It
was very good once,
but it has evolved. It
is now very bad."

The doctor
looks at them
both quietly.





As he turns away...



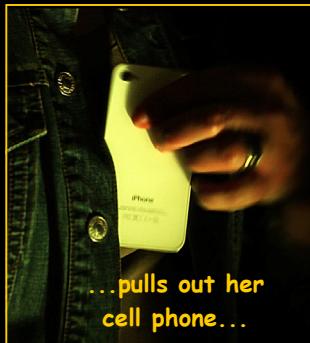
He leaves.



The doctor returns and hands Stellar the laptop.







Valerie asks...

You said earlier-'something went wrong'. What did you mean?"

"Your world should already be out there..."

"...along with the rest of this Galaxy."

"I only saw a little of your data. You had it right, your belief system."

"Then about 2000 years ago, something went wrong..."

A low gagging sound...



...just like before.



"I'll put these in the utility room."



He takes her coat and bag, just like before.



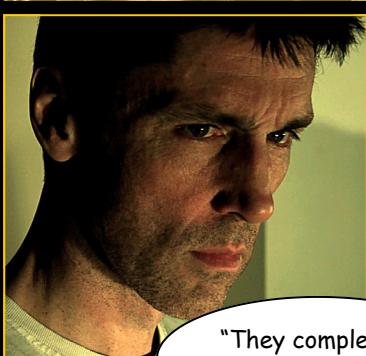
Except, this time...



And finds...



...a gun.



"Good to see you've started working again."

Something clicks in him. Something about this has been lived before. What was it?



"No."



He remembers now. Time slips! It's all coming back.



He seizes the
Opportunity To
take her by surprise...

"Do you realise how
much I loved her?"

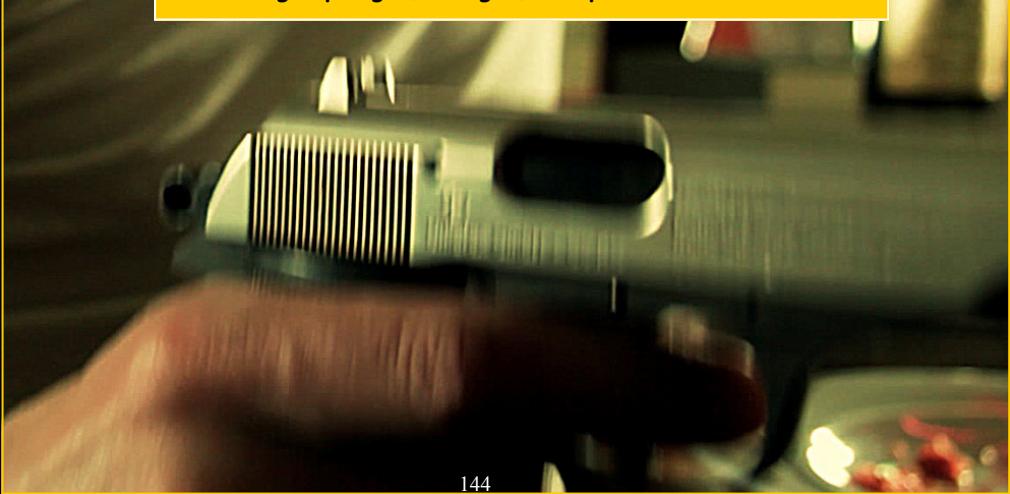


"Of course I do.
We both loved her."



"Then why did
you take her
away from me
then?"

He brings up a gun, her gun, and points it at her chest.



The problem with time slips is sometimes you remember the alternative time, and sometimes you don't! Valerie can't understand how he knows.



She sits in silence. Her mind races. But then she decides...

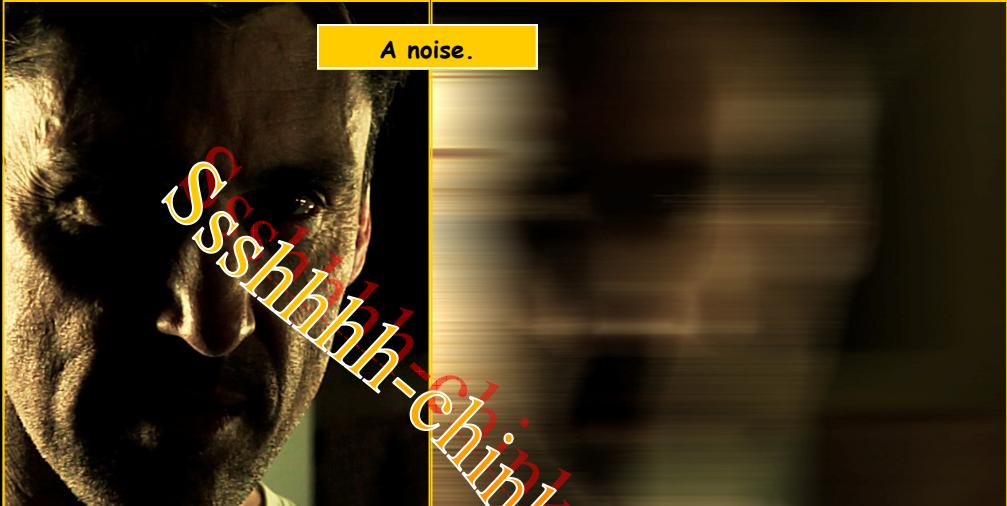


"I... I..."

"Say it!"







He arrives back to now in the hallway.



"Fuck!"

"You are experiencing what happens when ordinary matter and Dark Matter mix."

"Everyone's leaving now."





Ssshhhh-chink-SHUNK!*

Valerie appears suddenly in the hallway. She looks down at Stellar and the doctor...



"We cannot save all species, Dark Matter... galaxy collapse takes centuries. Time slips. Alternative realities. Madness for all..."









Valerie cocks the gun.

"It's a small matter
you couldn't possibly
understand."

CLICK!



BANG!



And shoots her in the heart!



A noise.

And an irrevocable break
down of the bubble of
stability!

SSShhhh-chink-SHUNK!

"So long as they
don't hear us."

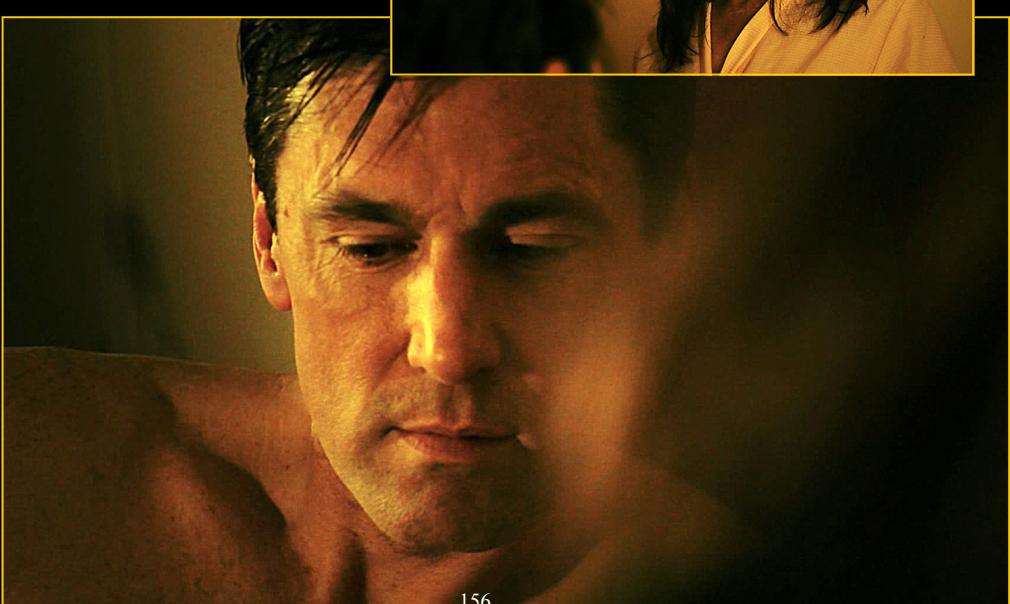
"I better make
them breakfast."

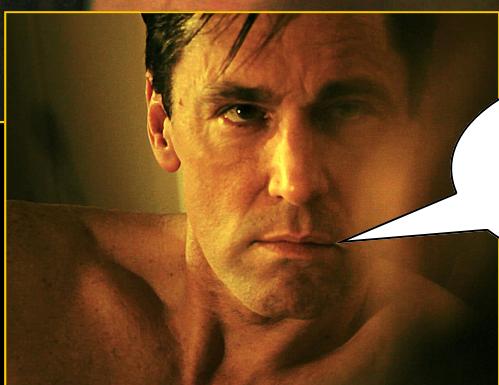
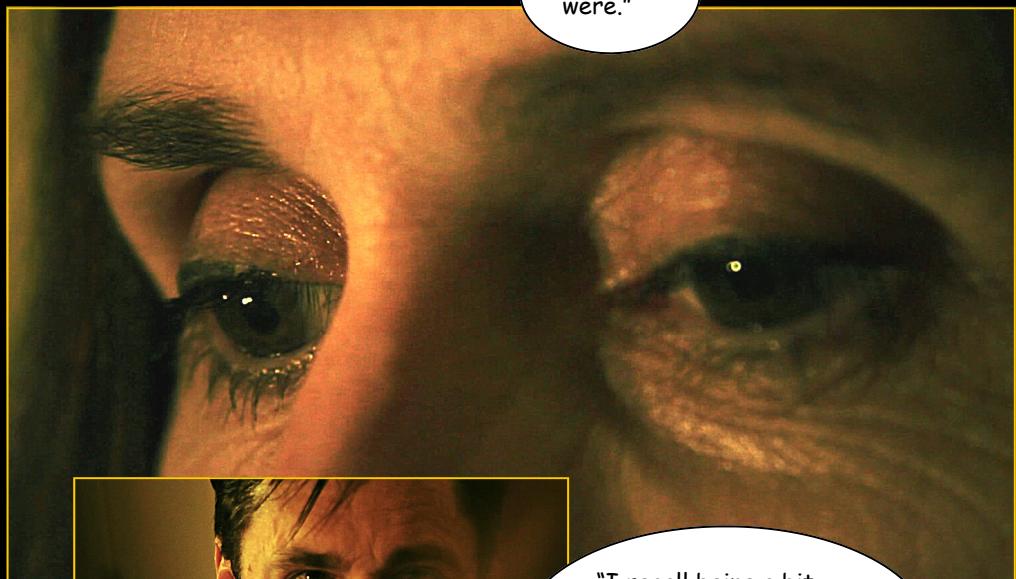
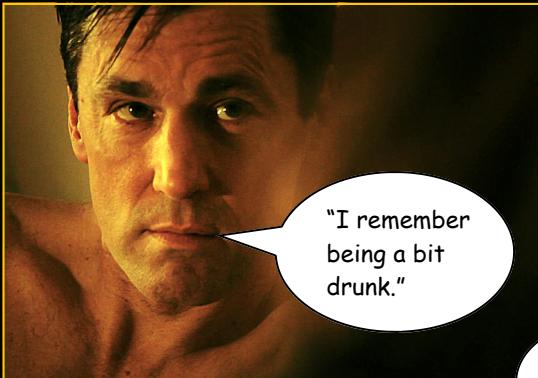
"Eggs on Toast?"

"Sounds
good to me."



She waits expectantly as he thinks for a moment.





"I recall being a bit worried afterwards... You know... pregnancy or something."

She smiles and opens the bedroom door. She knows this time slip is permanent. And he has no memory of it.





Above the earth. Many ships pass by...

...a planet filled with screaming!

A DARK MATTER

THE END

About DARK MATTER

Dark Matter was conceived as a movie which could be made on less than £1000.00. This is considered a zero budget movie. The script writer produced and directed the movie, completing the entire task of a complete film crew except for on-set sound recording, which was executed by his beloved partner and lady Lesley Evans. Their aim was to include CGI as part of the project, a task carried out during the editing process by the creator Mol Smith.

The project itself by Mol Smith, was a desire to show that good story telling can be carried to the screen for very little money if passion and dedication is part of the remit for making a movie. It is an example to all budding film makers. The creator never attended film school and just went through the whole process from writing to final product inside 12 months.

The creator loved comics as a kid and always wanted to be a graphic novelist but he was—in his own words—a lousy drawer. The next best thing for a visual story teller is film. The entire story of making Dark Matter is available as a book: *How To Make A Movie for £1000.00*.

Anyone interested in film-making will find this work invaluable as it represents film school in a single book and details every tiny nuance and technique of creating a great film on a budget from beginning to end. The movie was made using a single 2K camera and a single sound recorder and microphone. Edited on a PC at home not a video suite.

The movie itself is available on several streaming channels on the Internet and as a DVD, and Blur-Ray. All further information can be found on the Dark Matter official web site at:

www.darkmatter.org.uk

Further feature films and shorts made by Mol Smith can be located at his film studio site at:

www.sexanddeath.eu

This graphic novel was created using stills from the movie. To learn more about the actors who played the roles, please visit the Dark Matter web site. Meanwhile—here is a brief summary of the actors who played the characters.



Dominic O'Flynn
Doctor



Gina Purcell
Valerie



Jamie Jodie-Shanks
Stellar



Sharon Lawrence
Christine



Mel Mills
The Protector

A special thanks to Pierangela Manzetti for the amazing body make-up and Jon Betz for much of the music score for the movie.

Many thanks for reading this work. If it inspires you, remember... it ain't that hard to tell your story through movies, story, or graphic novel. Creativity and art is what make us human.